



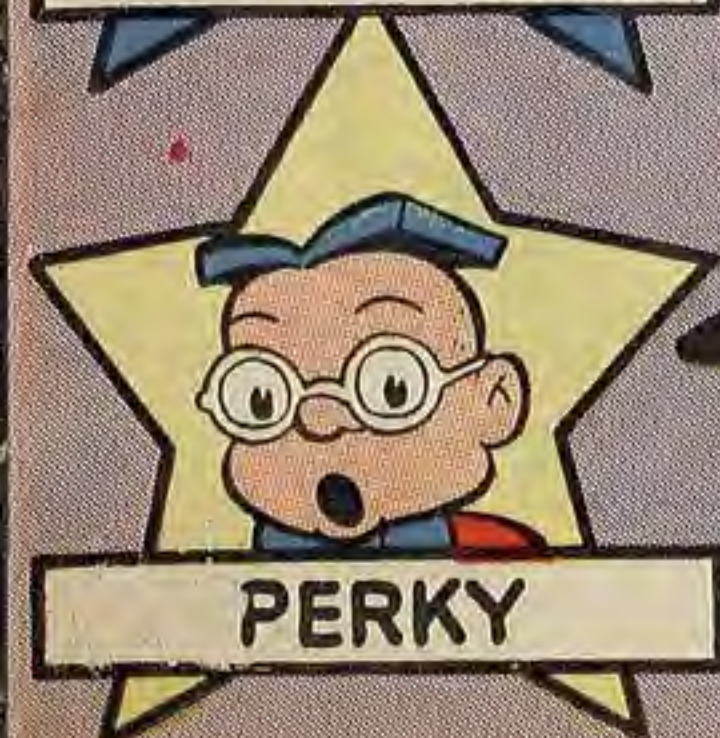
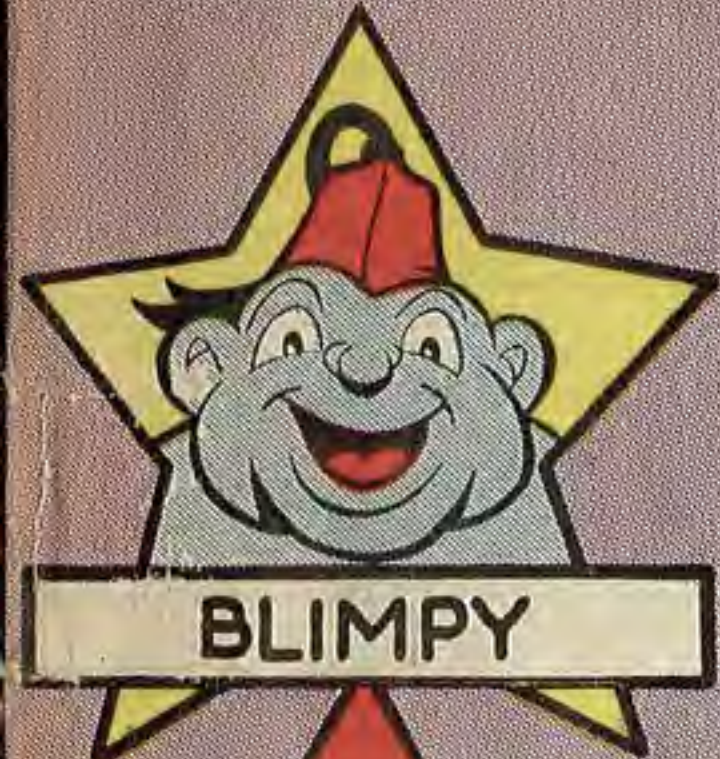
FEATURE

COMICS

FEBRUARY
No. 119

The
**DOLL
MAN**
CLASHES
WITH THE
**CRIMSON
CLAW!**

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When the **CRIMSON CLAW** joins a spy ring...then turns kidnapper to ferret out vital government secrets, anything can happen! Friends and family wait tensely to hear of the victim's well-being, while the **DOLL MAN** brings red-handed justice to the **CRIMSON CLAW**!

As always, trouble seems to be brewing for the guardians of the world's peace....

WE'VE **GOT** TO HAVE THAT INFORMATION ON U-235! THERE'S TEN THOUSAND IN IT FOR YOU, IF YOU SNAG OFF LINDA WILSON, THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER, **NOW!**

YOU SAY SHE RUNS A TOY SHOP, HUH? THIS OUGHTA BE EASY! GIMME THE DOUGH AND I'LL GET, HEH, MY **HANDS** ON HER!

UGH! THOSE HANDS! SO THAT'S WHERE YOU GET YOUR NAME... **THE CRIMSON CLAW!**

RIGHT! WHEN DOC WILSON SEES WHAT I CAN DO TO HIS DAUGHTER WITH THESE, HE'LL KICK THROUGH WITH **ANY** GOVERNMENT SECRETS!

GHASTLY! HE'S NOT HUMAN! I'M SORRY I HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE... **THE MONSTER!**

EVERYONE BACKS UP WHEN I SHOW 'EM THESE LUNCH-HOOKS! WAIT'LL I CLAMP ONTO THE DAME! I HEAR SHE'S QUITE A **BABE, TOO!**

I'LL PHONE YOU WHEN SHE'S, HEH, IN MY GRIP! THEN YOU TELL ME WHAT INFORMATION TO

SCRATCH OUT OF HER, OKAY?

THIS IS THE JOINT! I'LL ROUND UP A DRIVER AND HEIST-MAN AND SNAG THE BABE... LIKE PICKING OFF AN APPLE!

Meanwhile, clear across town....

SURE, MARTHA! I'LL PICK YOU UP IN TWENTY MINUTES!

AND HURRY, DARREL! I PROMISED LINDA THAT YOU, DAD AND I WOULD ALL MEET AT HER STORE FOR LUNCH! HER FATHER WILL BE THERE, TOO!

THINGS HAVE BEEN PRETTY PEACEFUL FOR A WHILE... I HAVEN'T EVEN HAD TO CHANGE TO THE **DOLL MAN!** I HOPE IT KEEPS UP... I CAN USE THE REST!

With professional skill, the Crimson Claw has wasted no time....

HERE WE ARE! GET IN AND OUT OF THIS PLACE FAST! ONE BUTCH FROM YOU GUYS AND I'LL...

PUT THEM CLAWS BACK IN YOUR POCKETS! THEY GIVE ME THE CREEPS! WE'LL HAVE THE BABE BEFORE SHE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO HER!

FEATURE COMICS





THEY HEADED OUT TOWARD OLD CREEK ROAD! HOPE THERE'S A GOOD TRANSPORT MODEL HERE!



WH... WHAT? WHAT GOES ON?

POLICE! SHOP-LIFTERS!



WHERE DID HE COME FROM? WHERE'S DARREL?

ONLY DAD AND I KNOW THAT DARREL IS THE DOLL MAN! WE MUST KEEP THAT SECRET... NO MATTER WHAT!

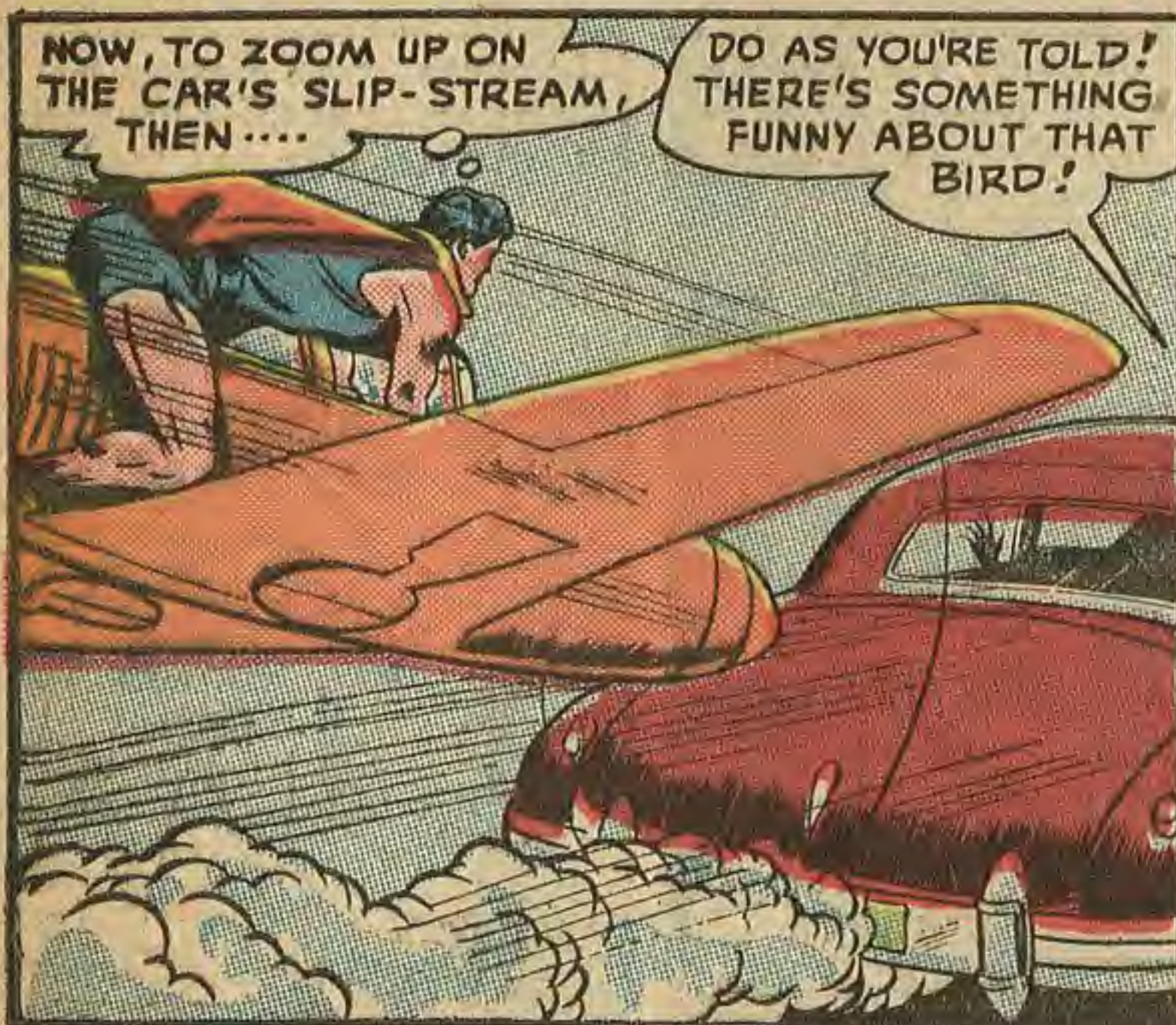
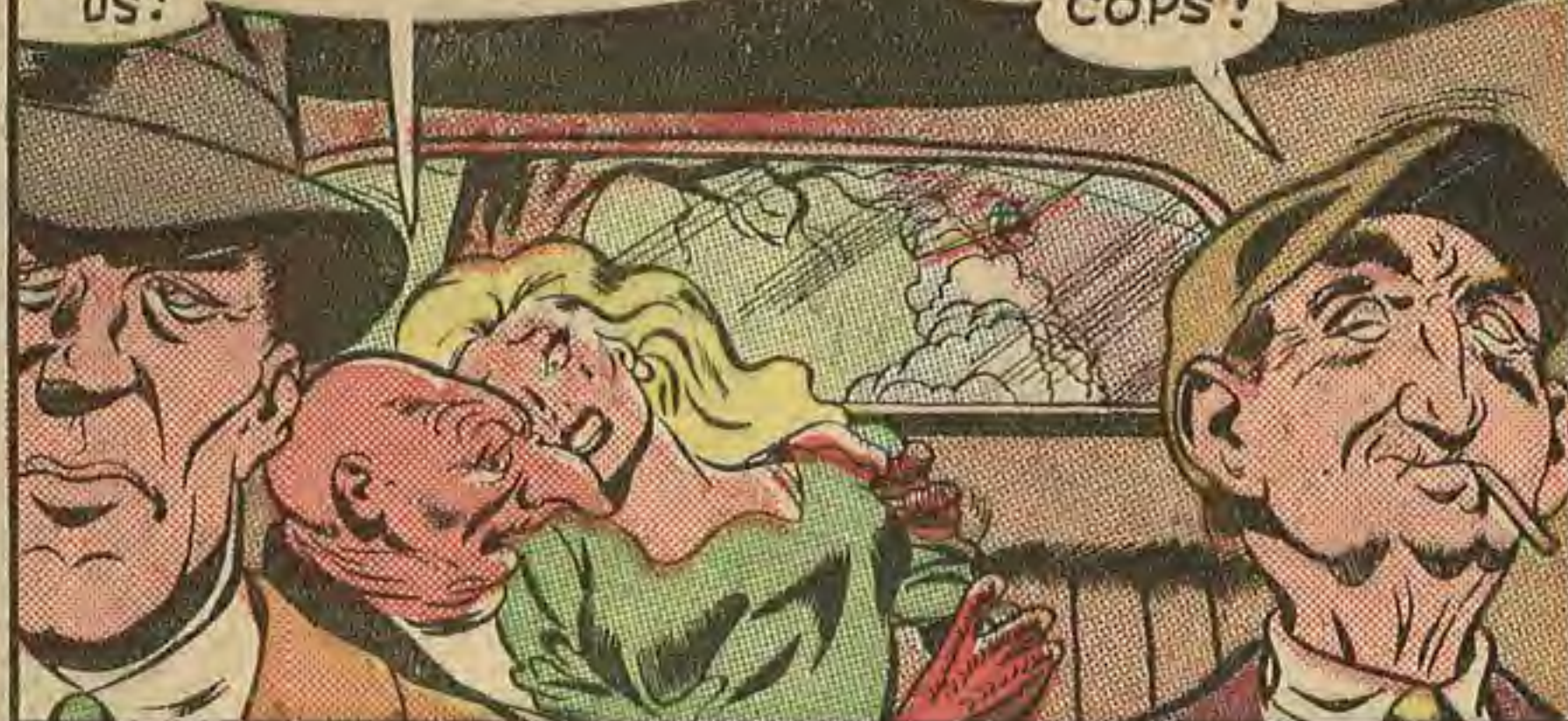


FAST LITTLE SHIP... BUT I SURE WISH I HAD MY OWN DOLLPLANE!

...and inside the car which the DOLL MAN is overtaking...

CUT OFF ON THE NEXT SIDE-ROAD! THERE'S SOME KIND OF BIRD FOLLOWING US!

BIRDS? ARE YOU NUTS? WE OUGHTTA WORRY ABOUT COPS!



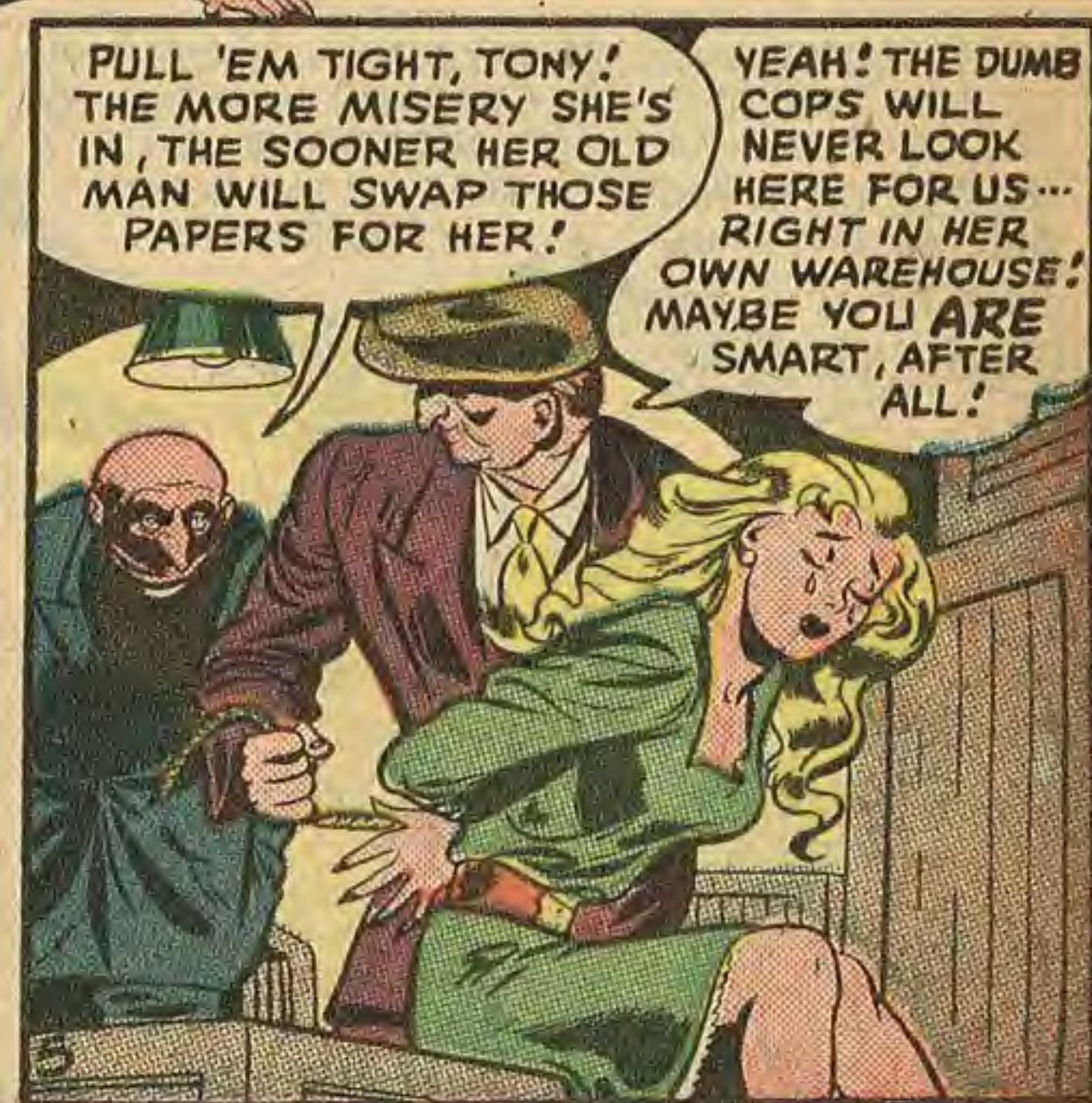
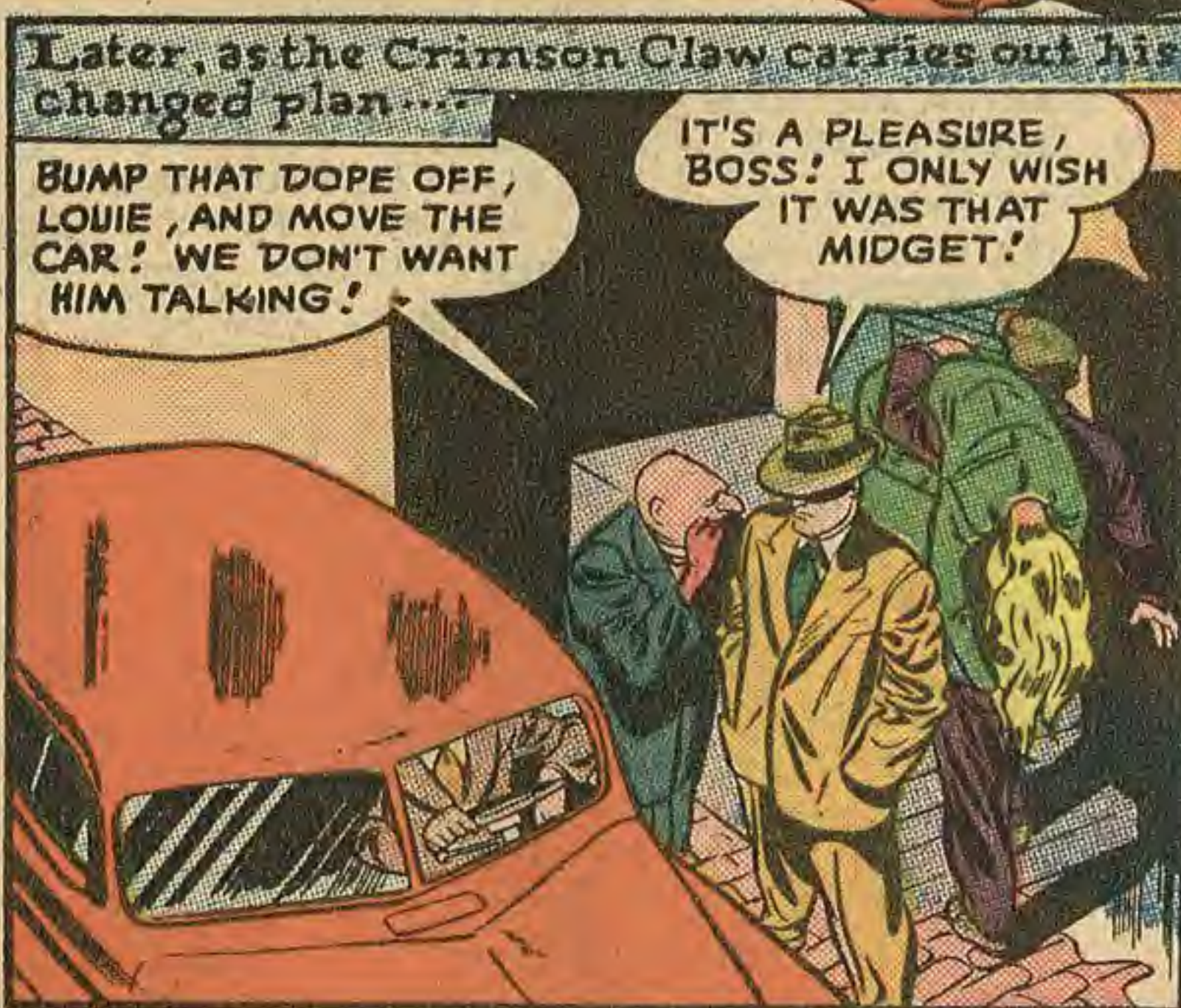
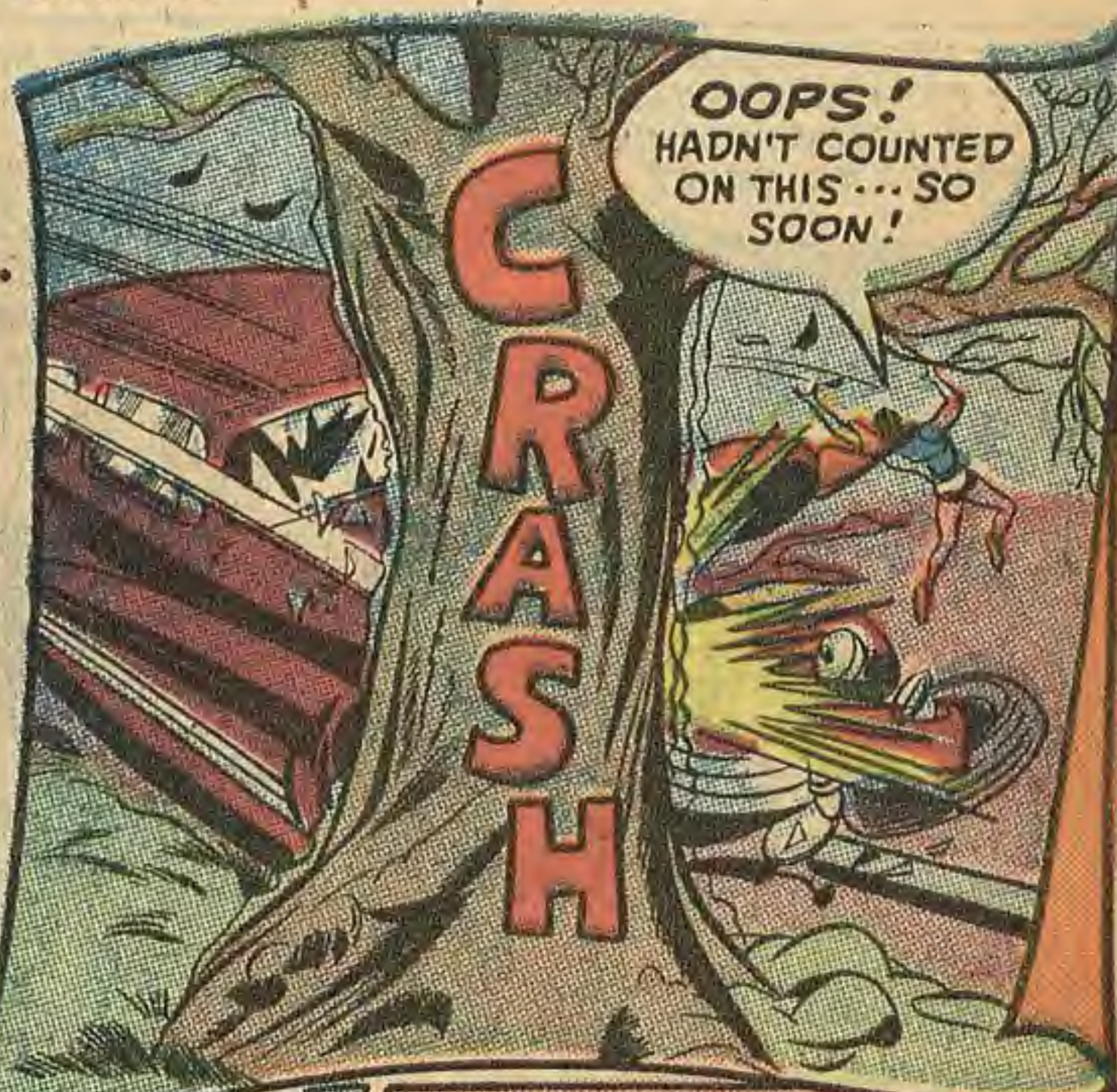
NOW, TO ZOOM UP ON THE CAR'S SLIP-STREAM, THEN....

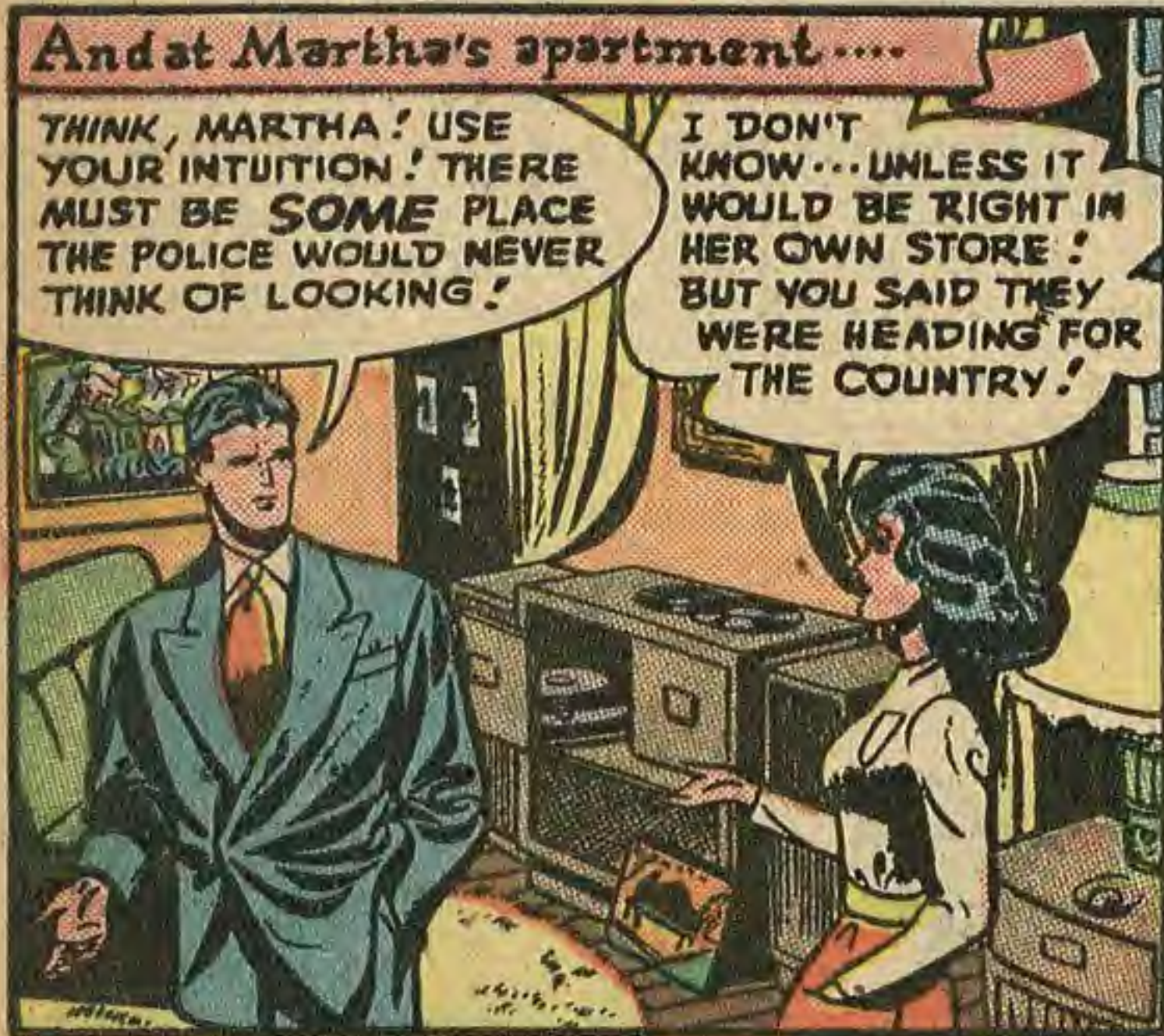
DO AS YOU'RE TOLD! THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT BIRD!

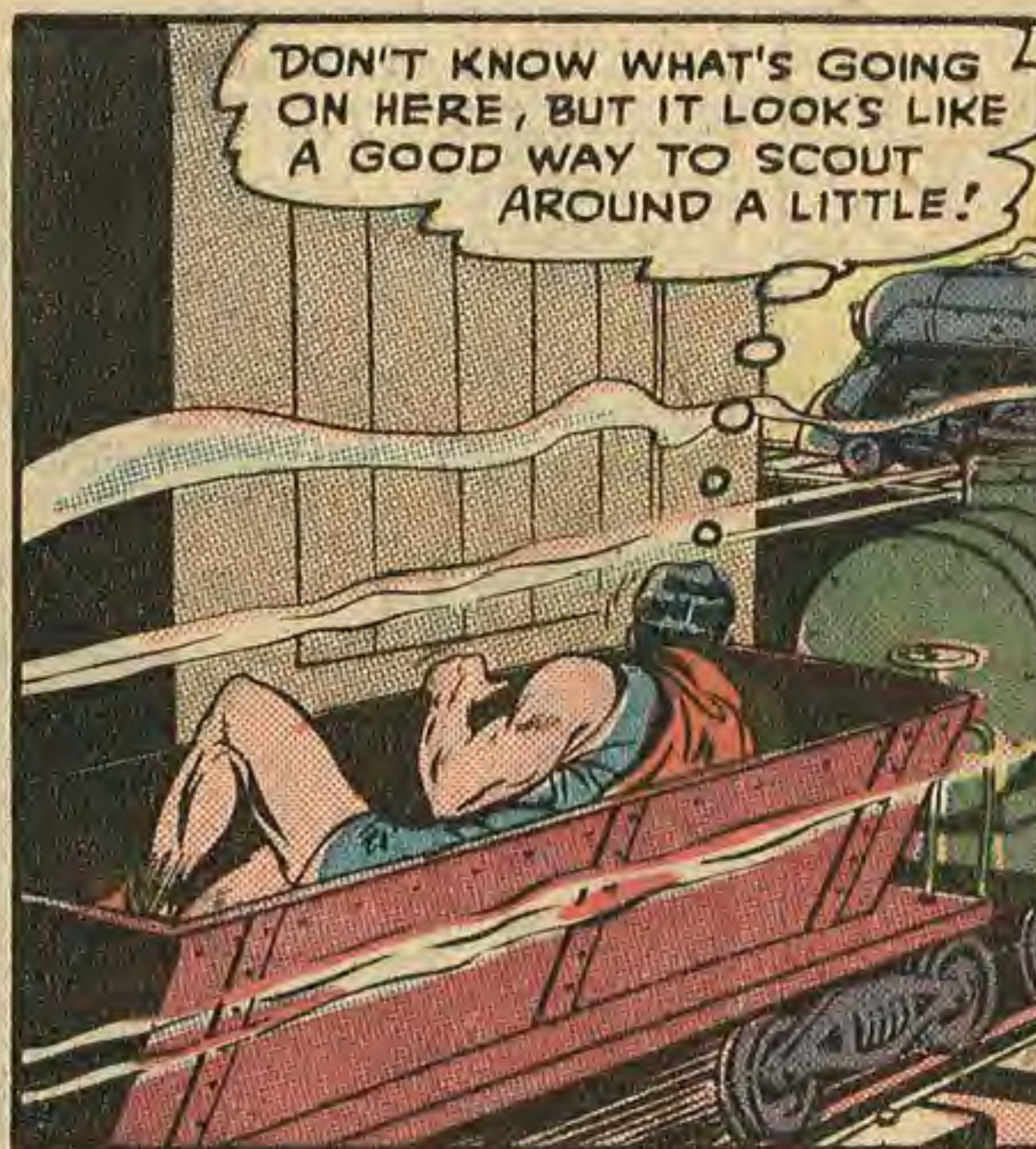
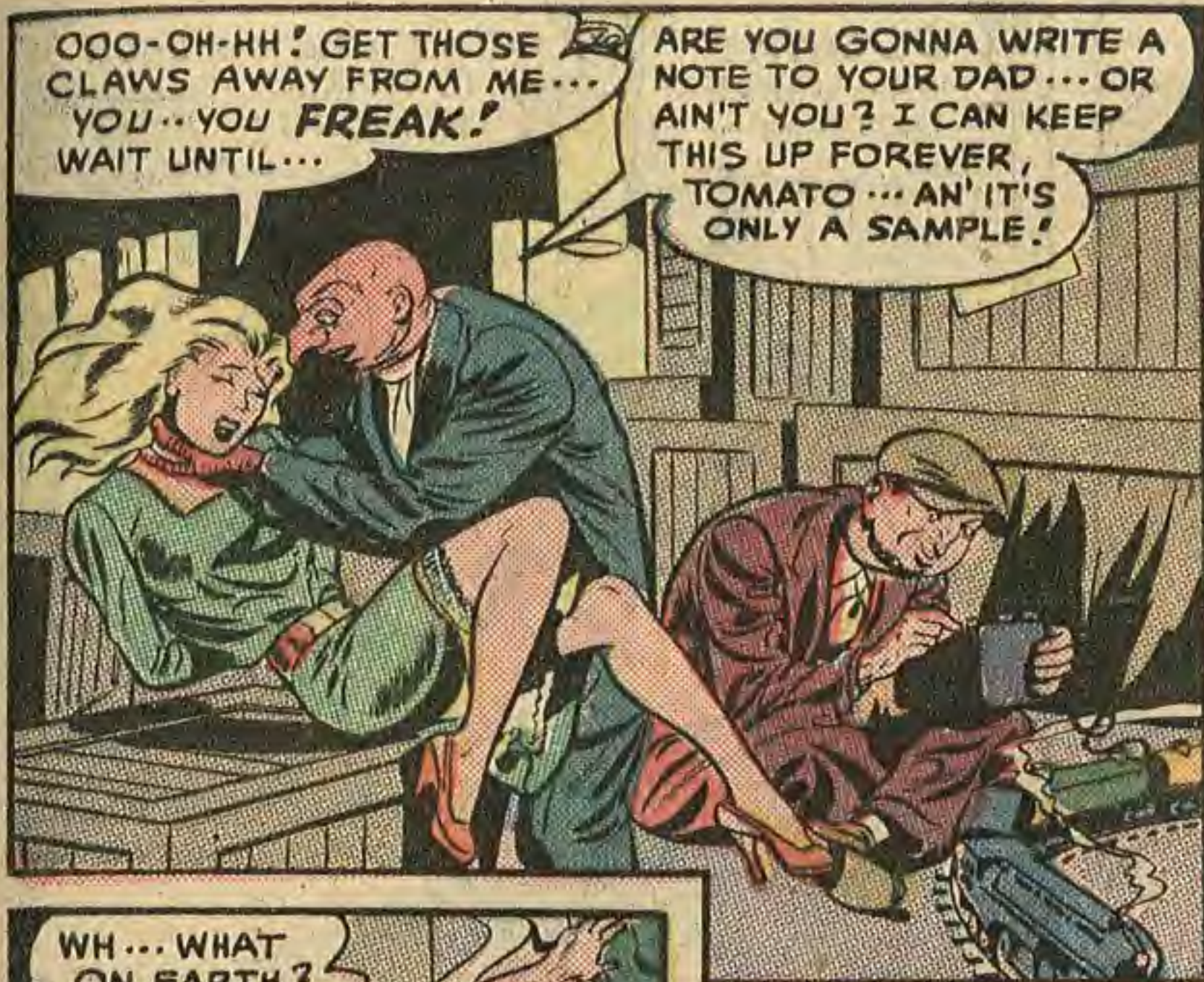


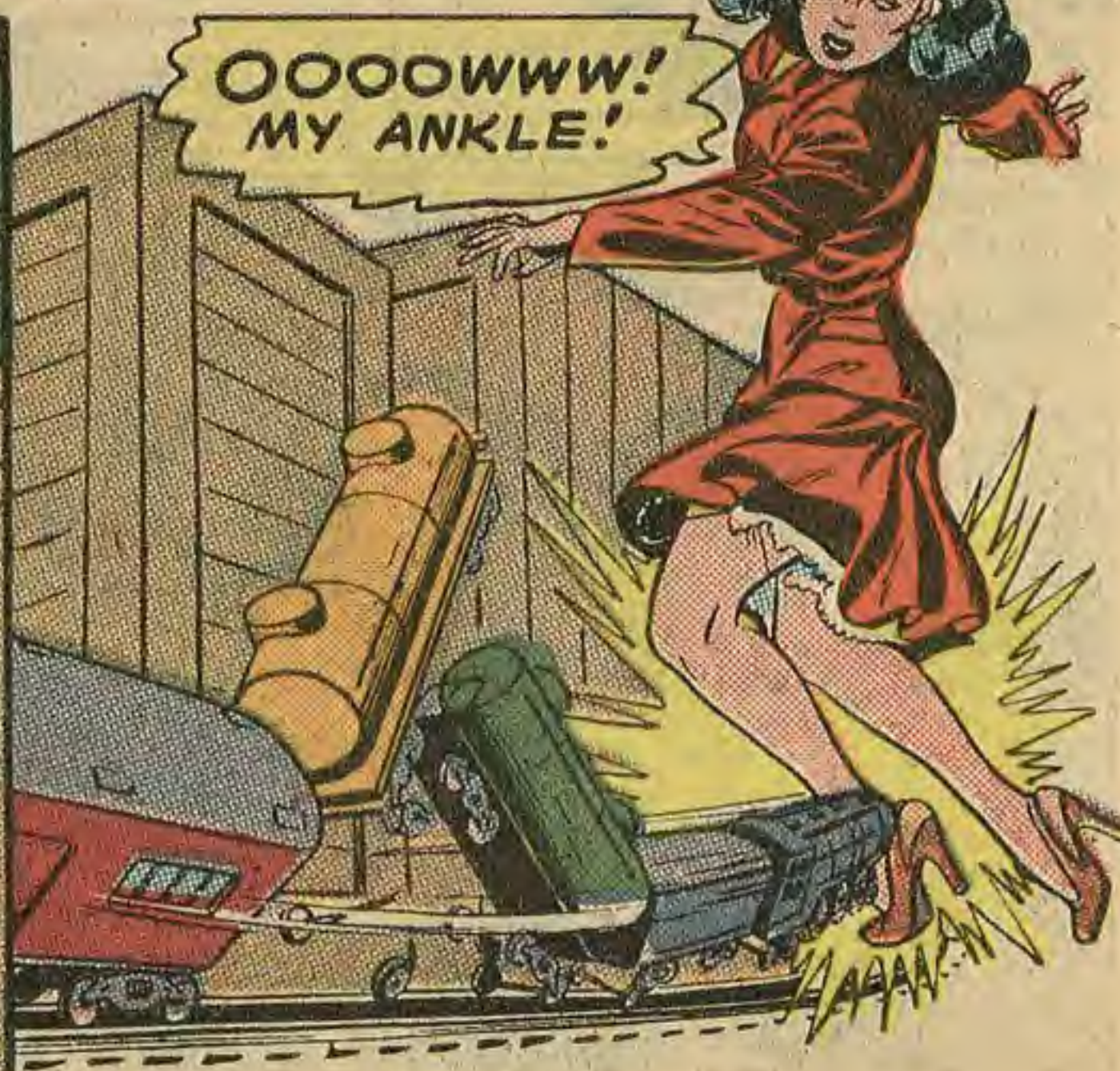
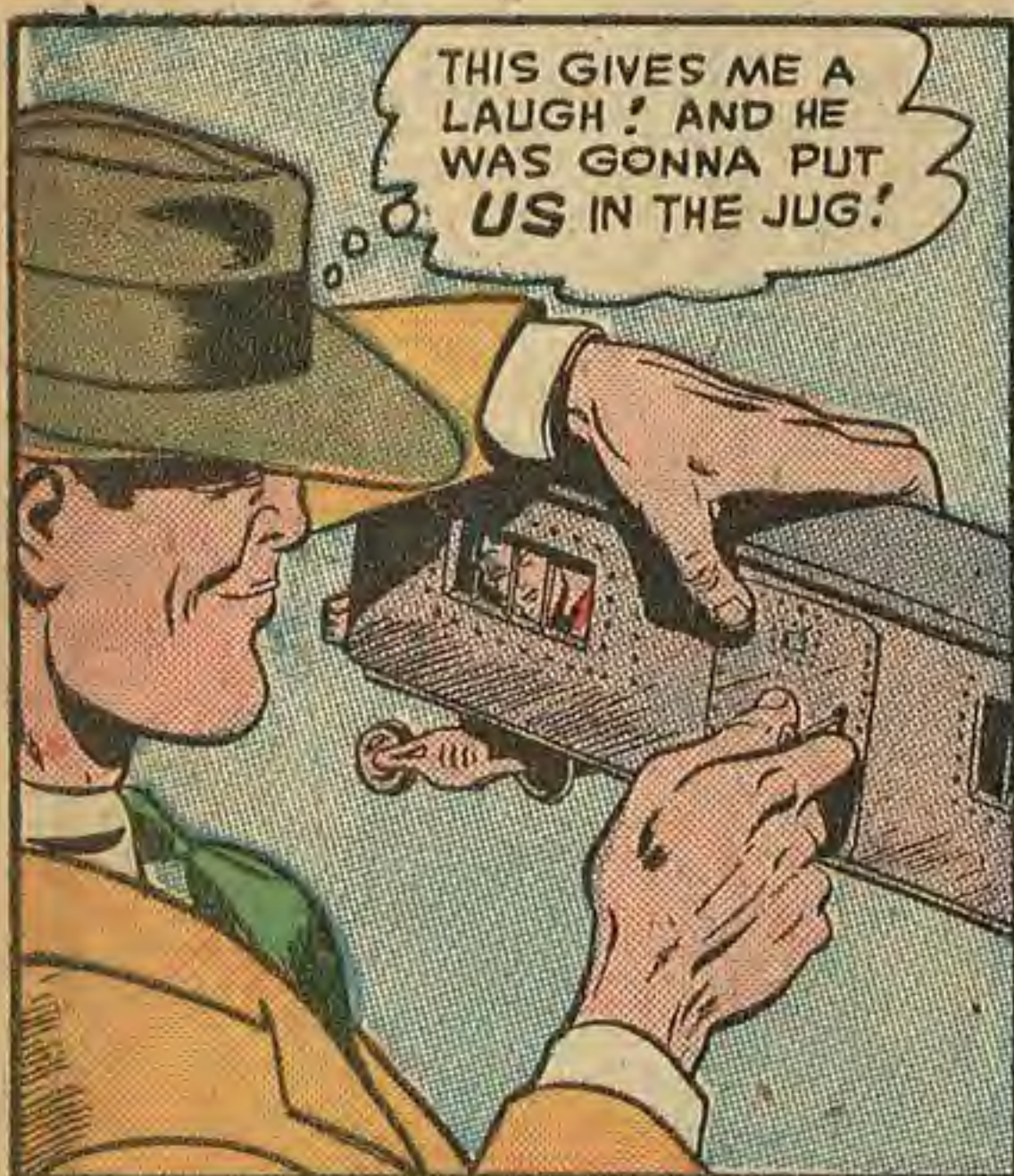
ARRRRRRGGHHH!

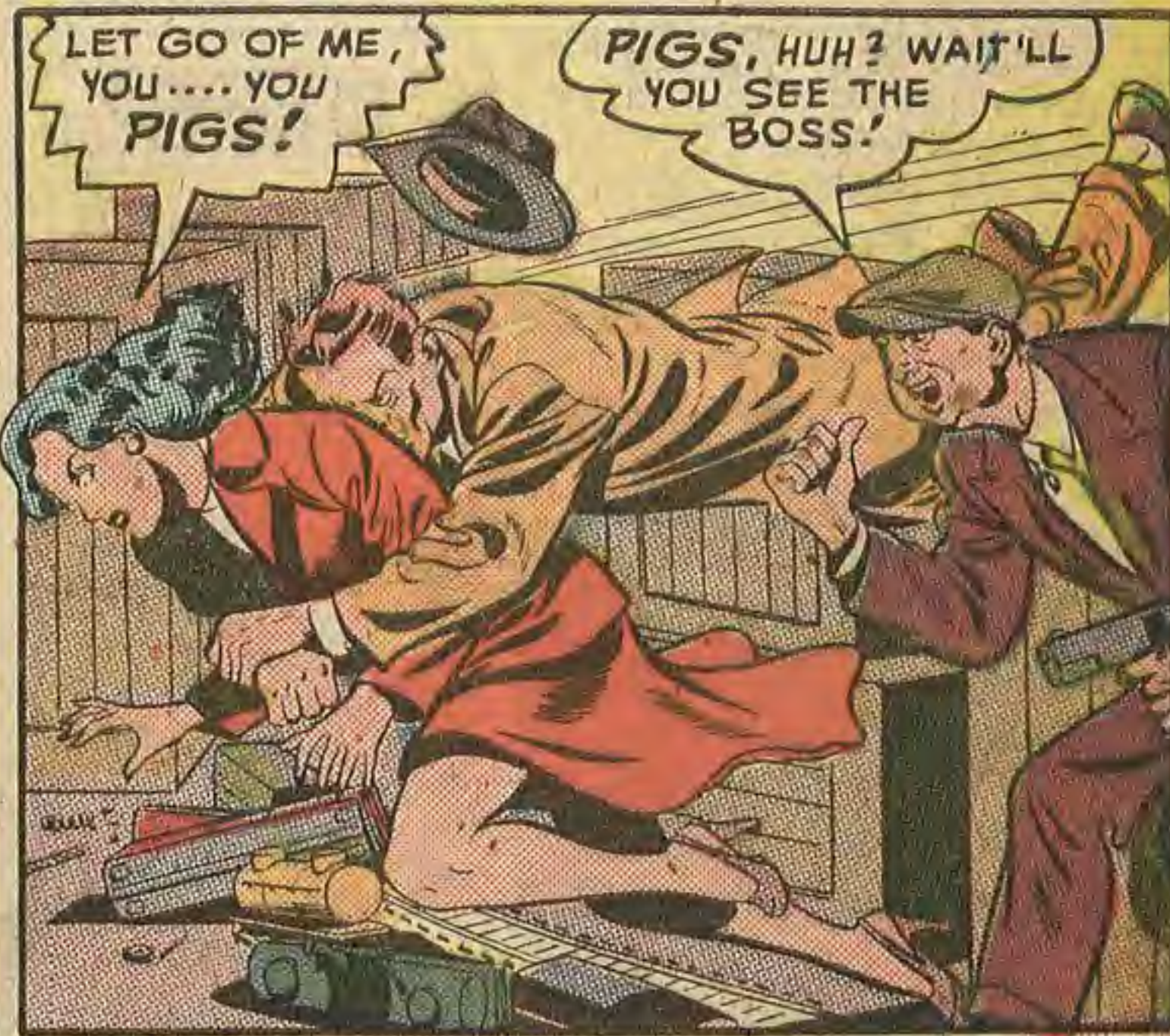
HAPPY LANDINGS.. TO ME!

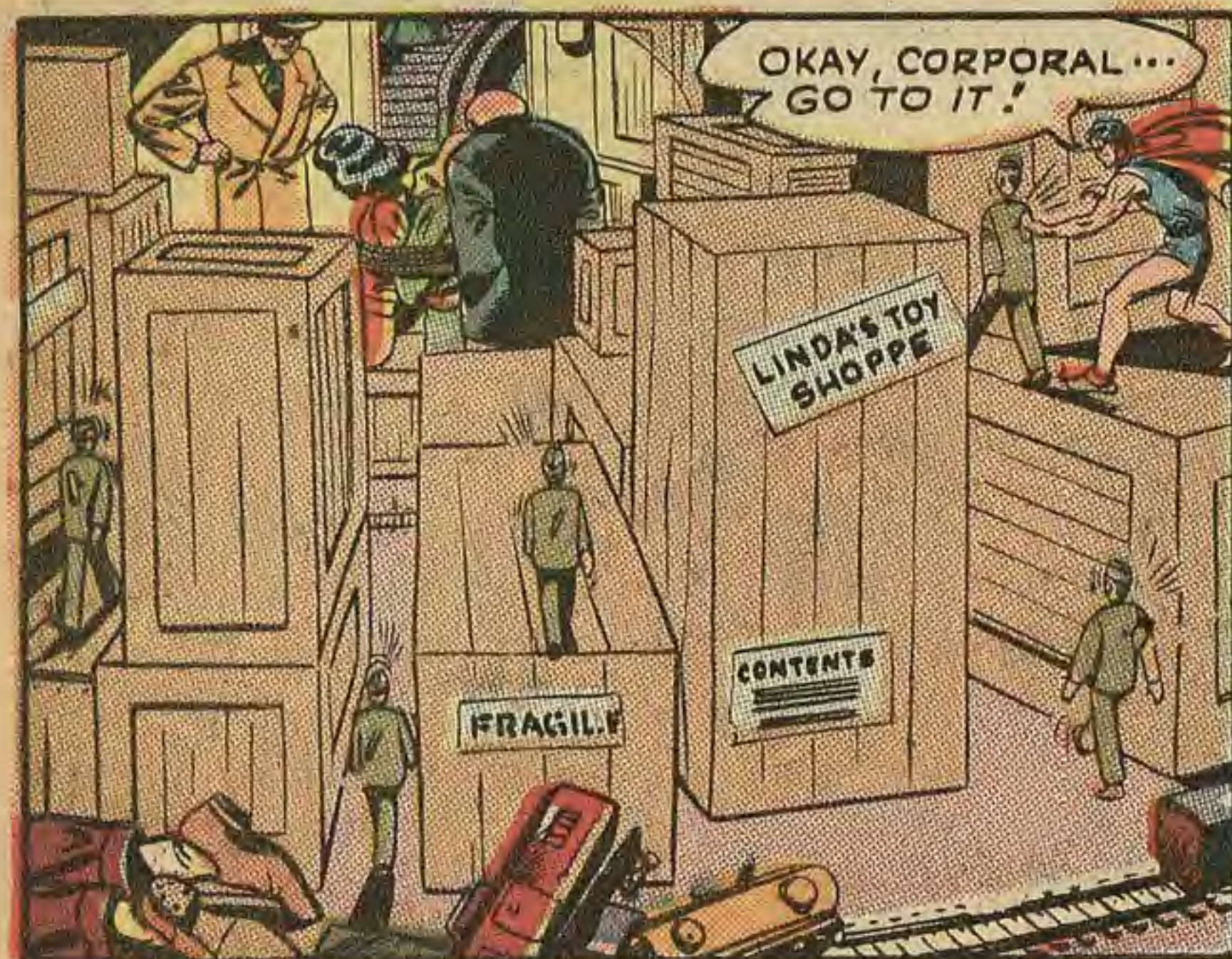
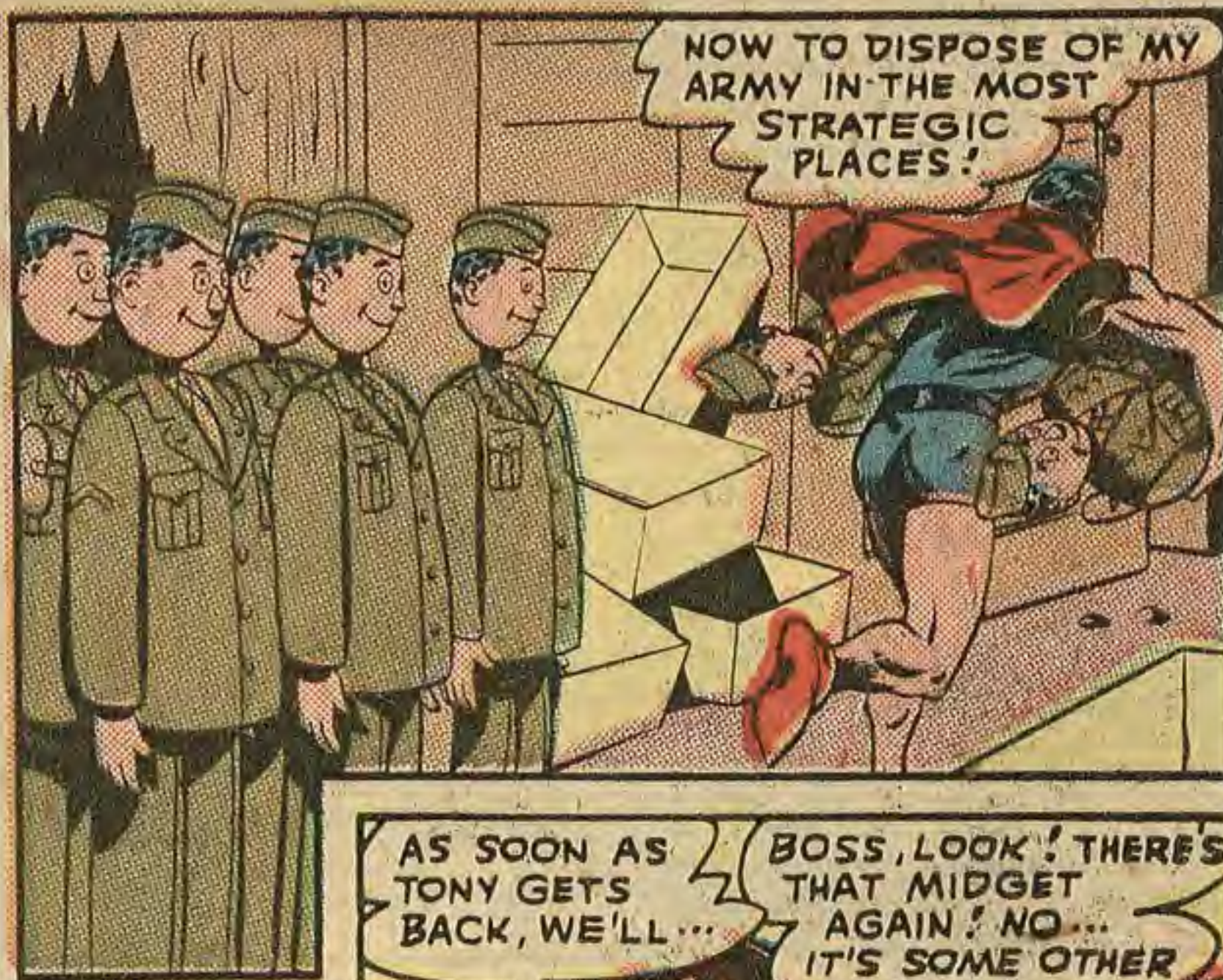
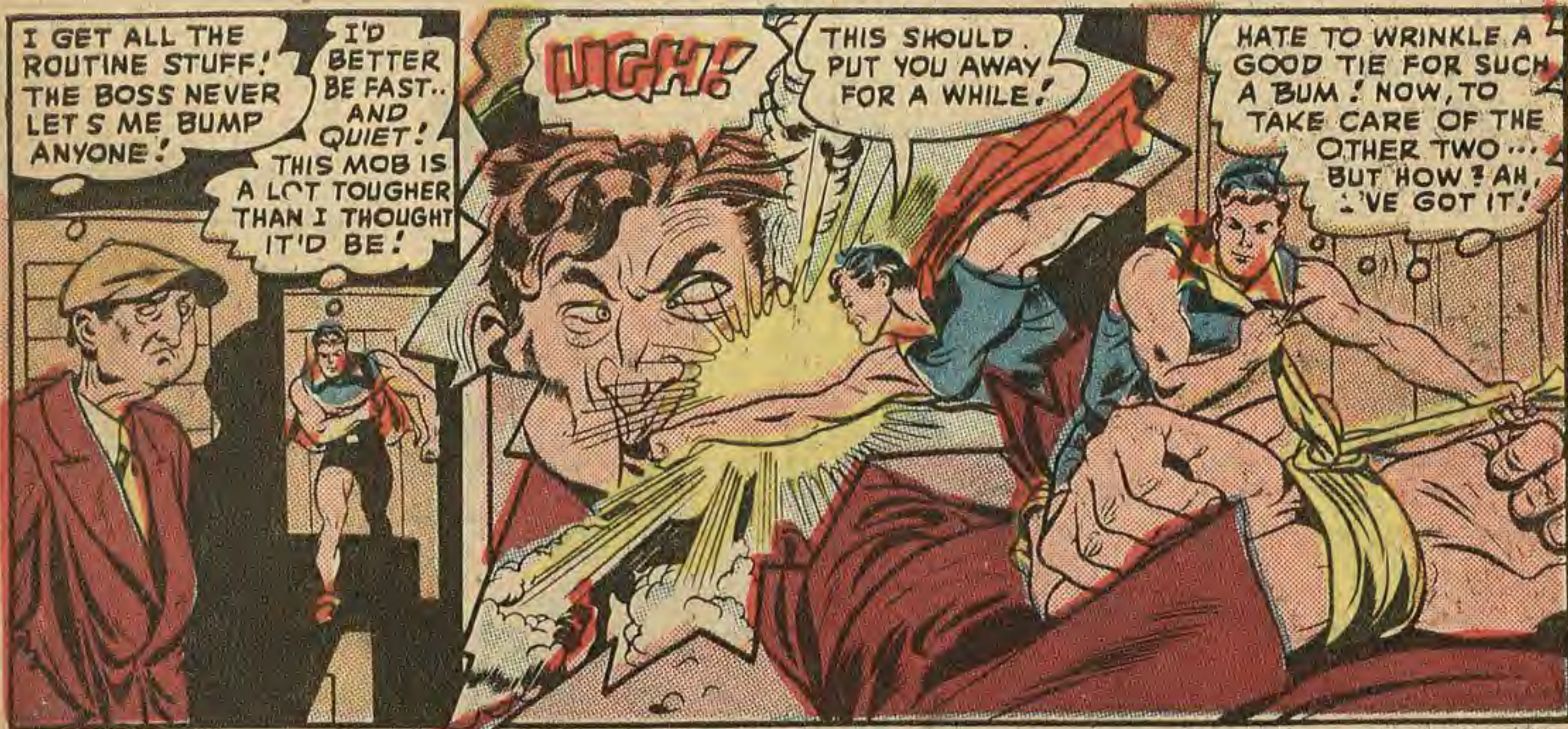






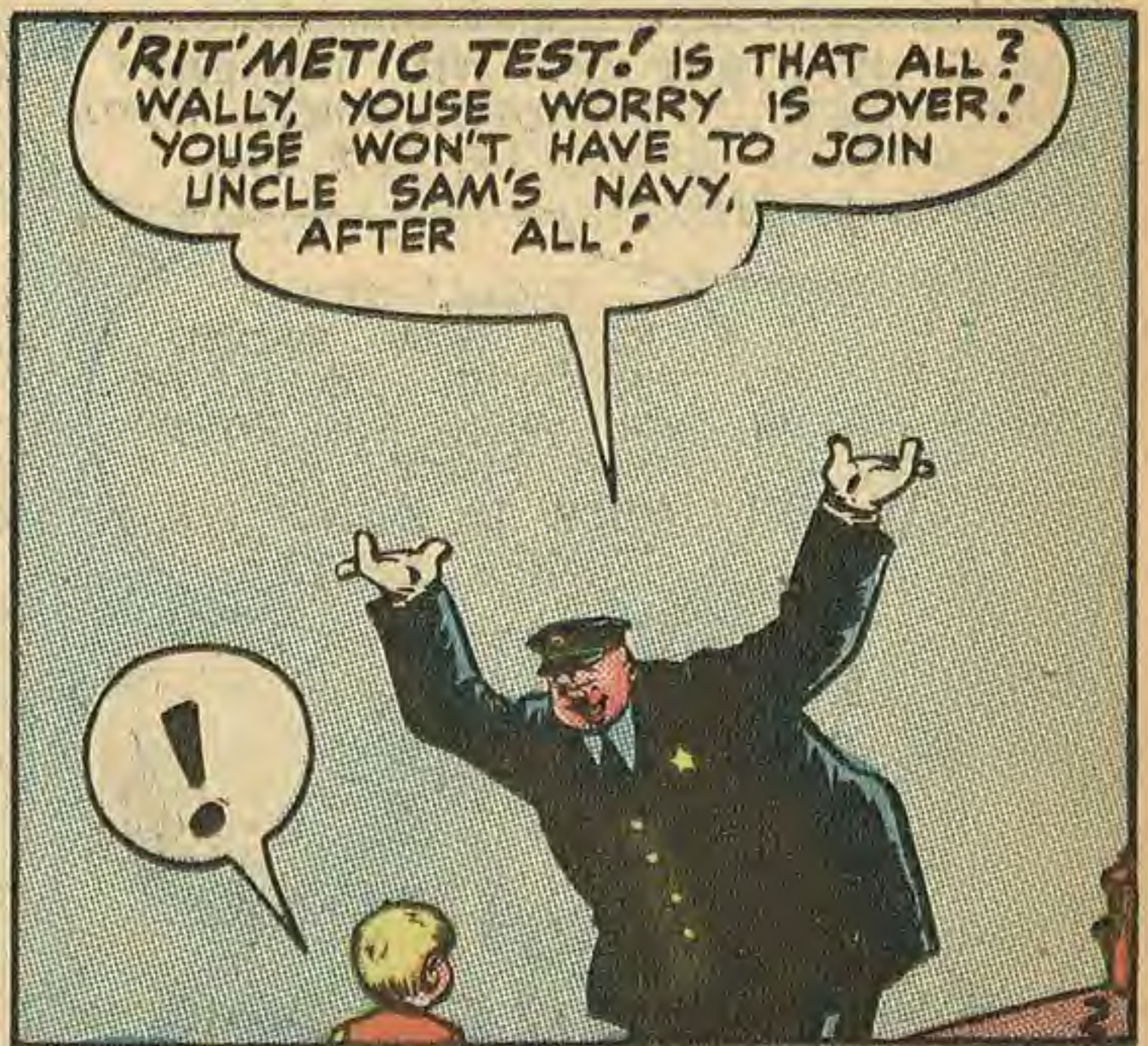


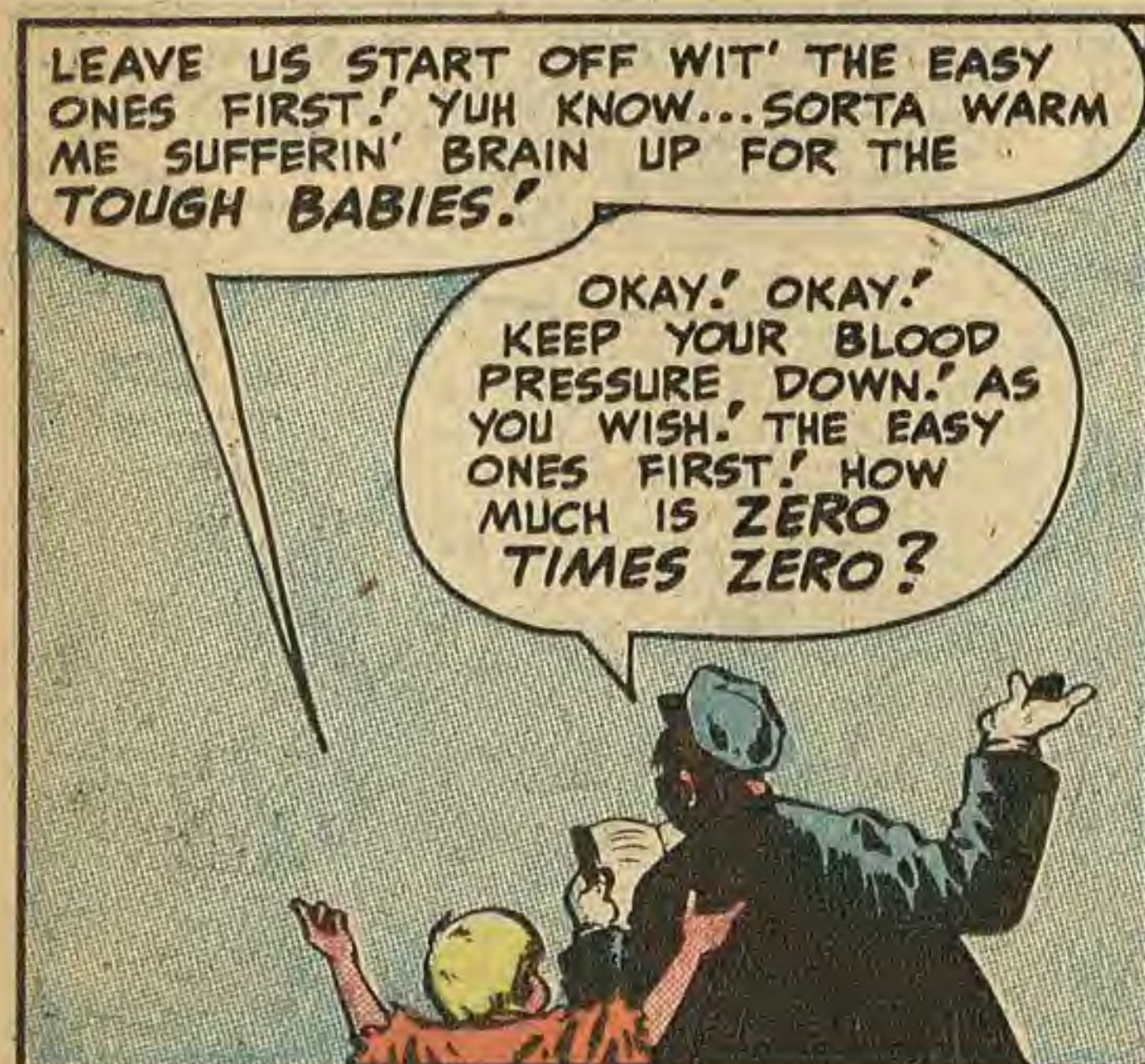
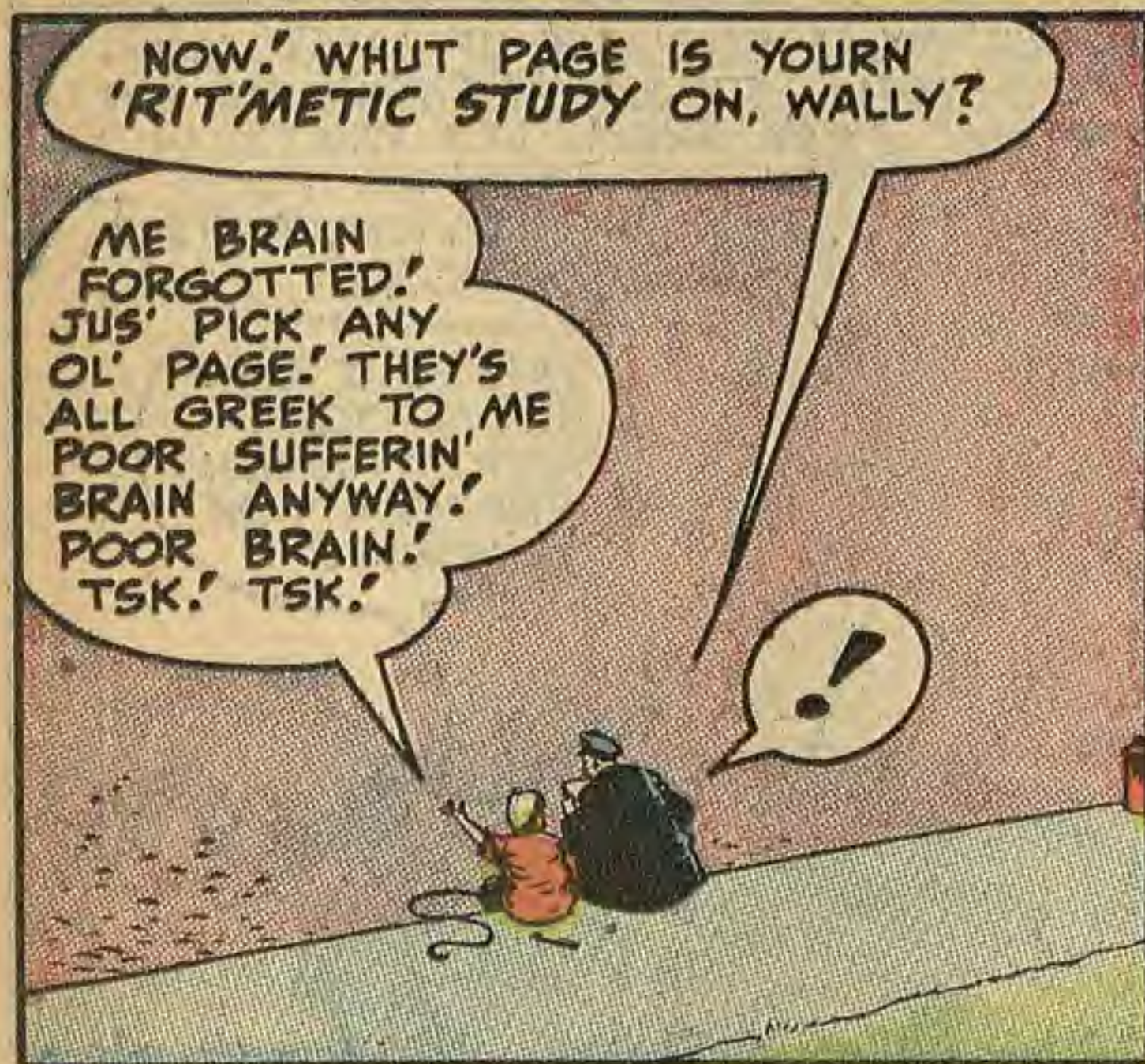
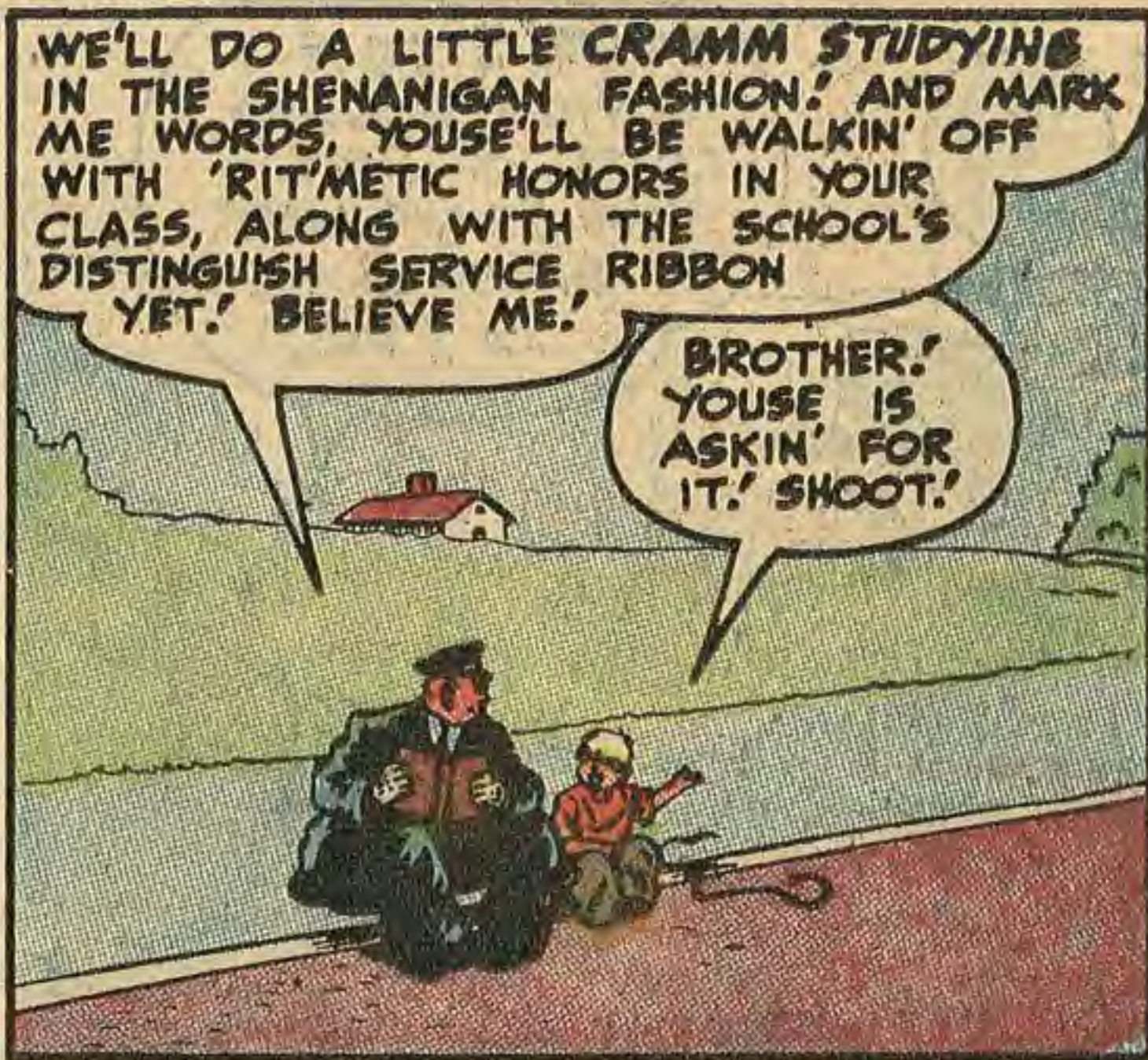


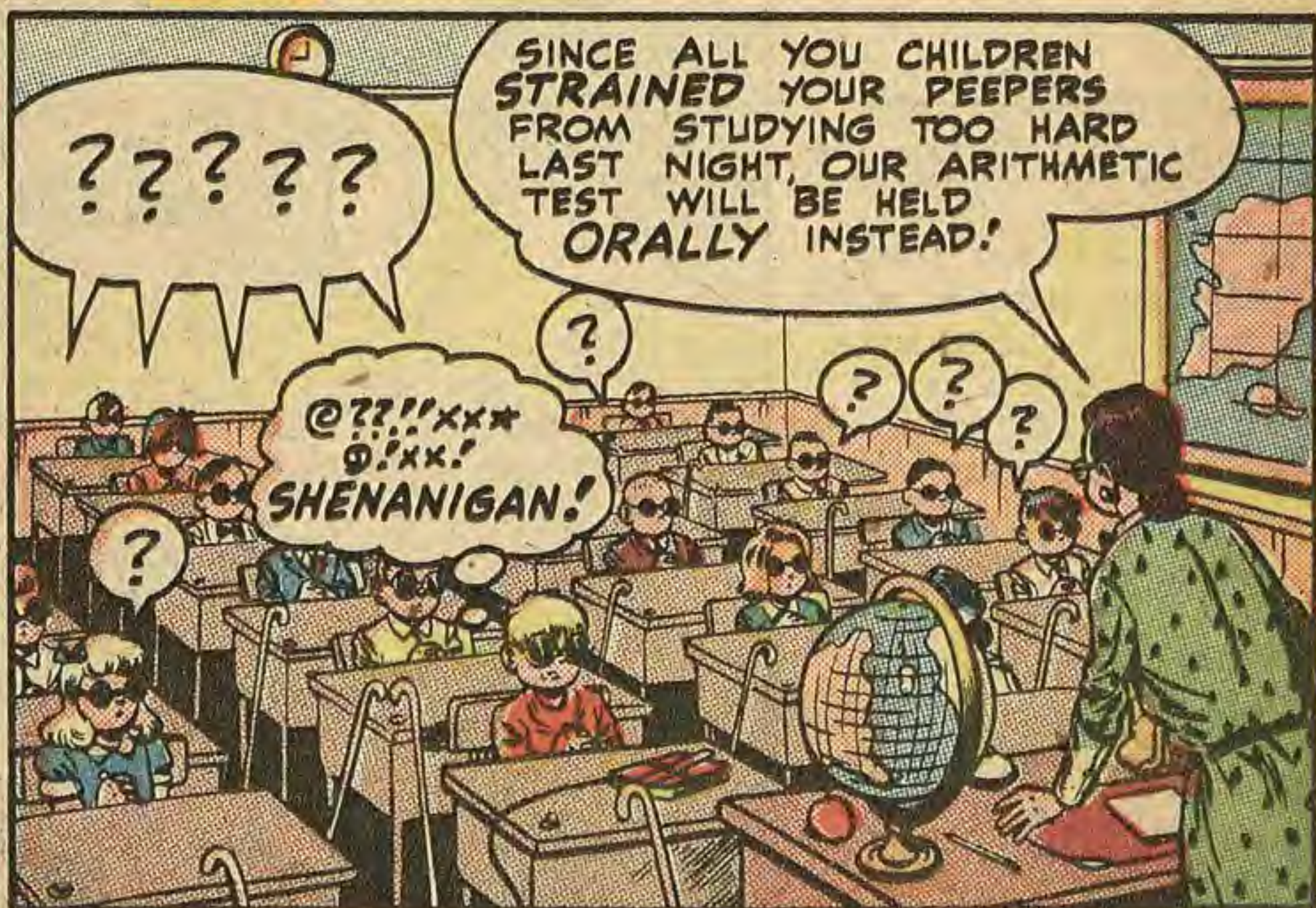
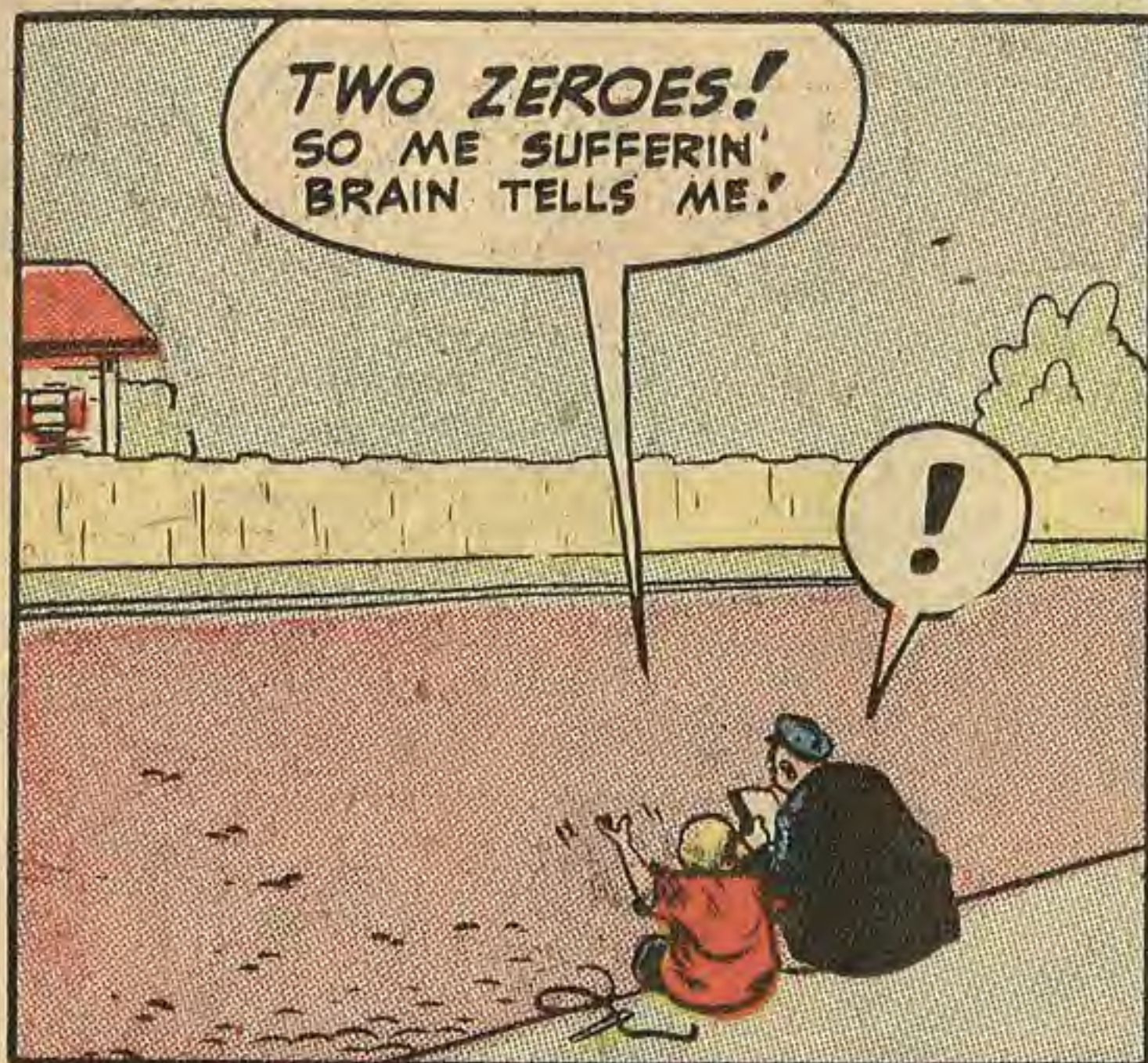












PERKY

DID YOU EVER SEE...

...a diving board?



PEOPLE THINK I'M CRACKED!



...a catwalk?

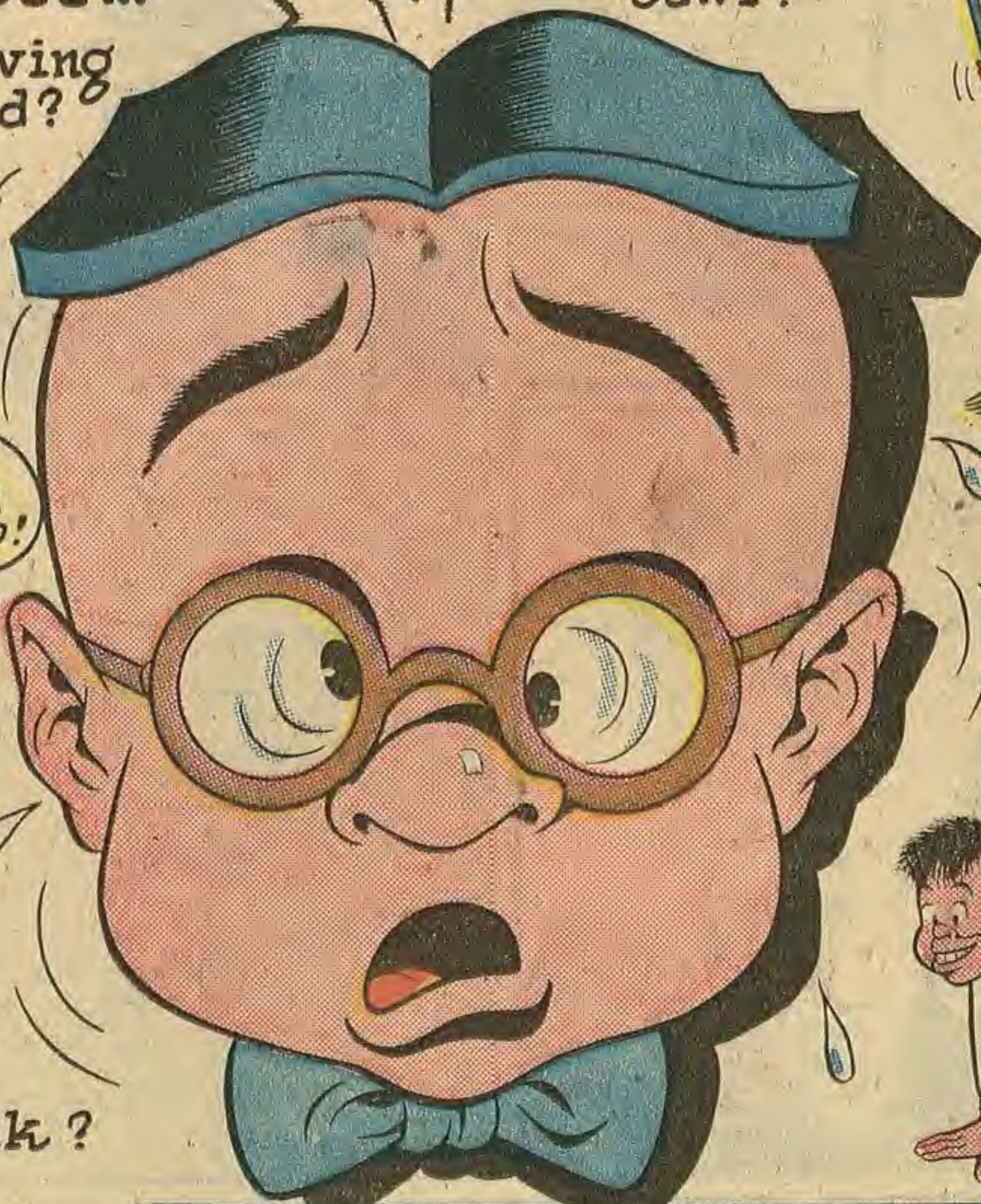


...a fly bawl?

I GOT THE SMOKING HABIT!



...a chimney sweep?



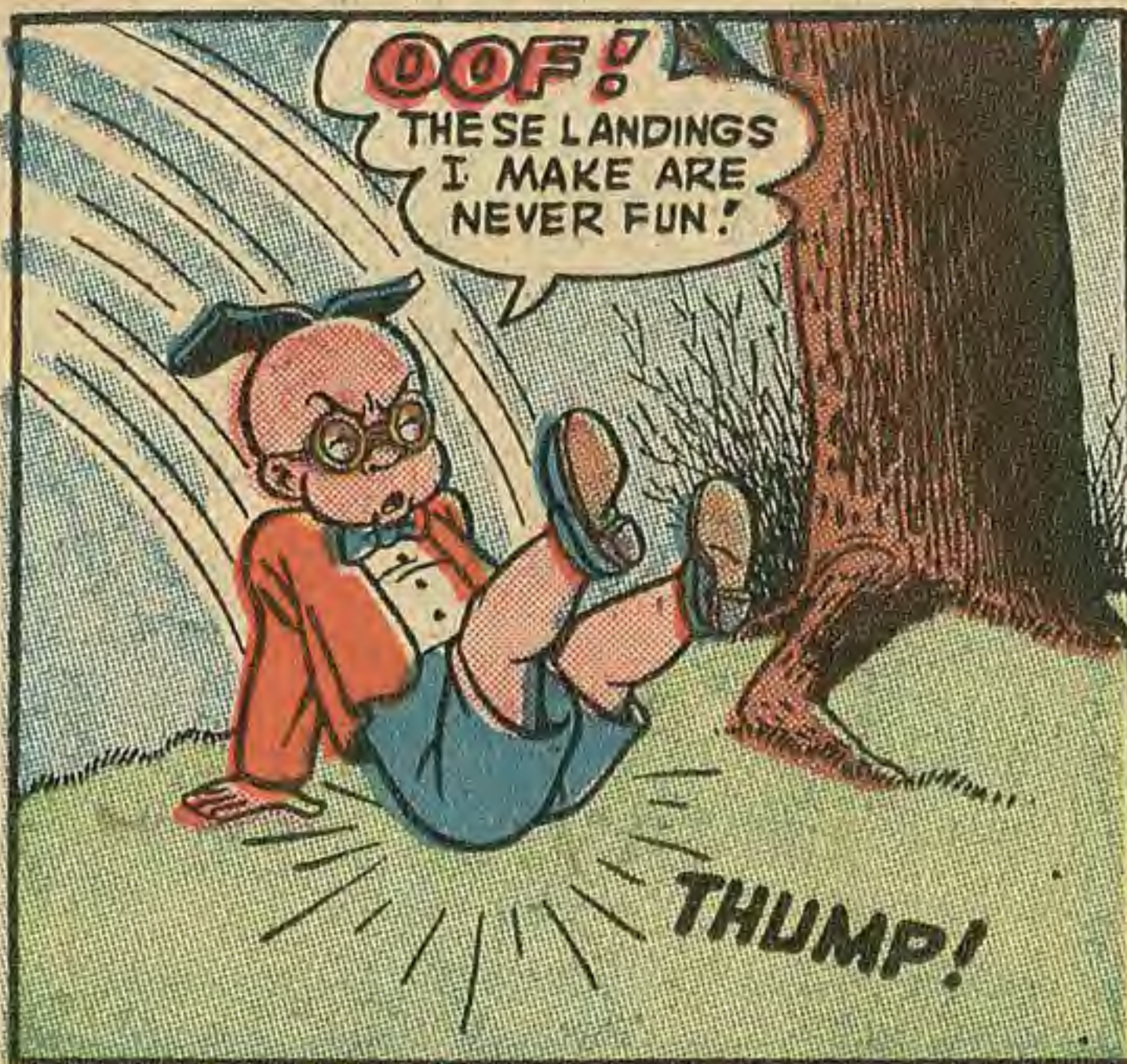
...a half brother?

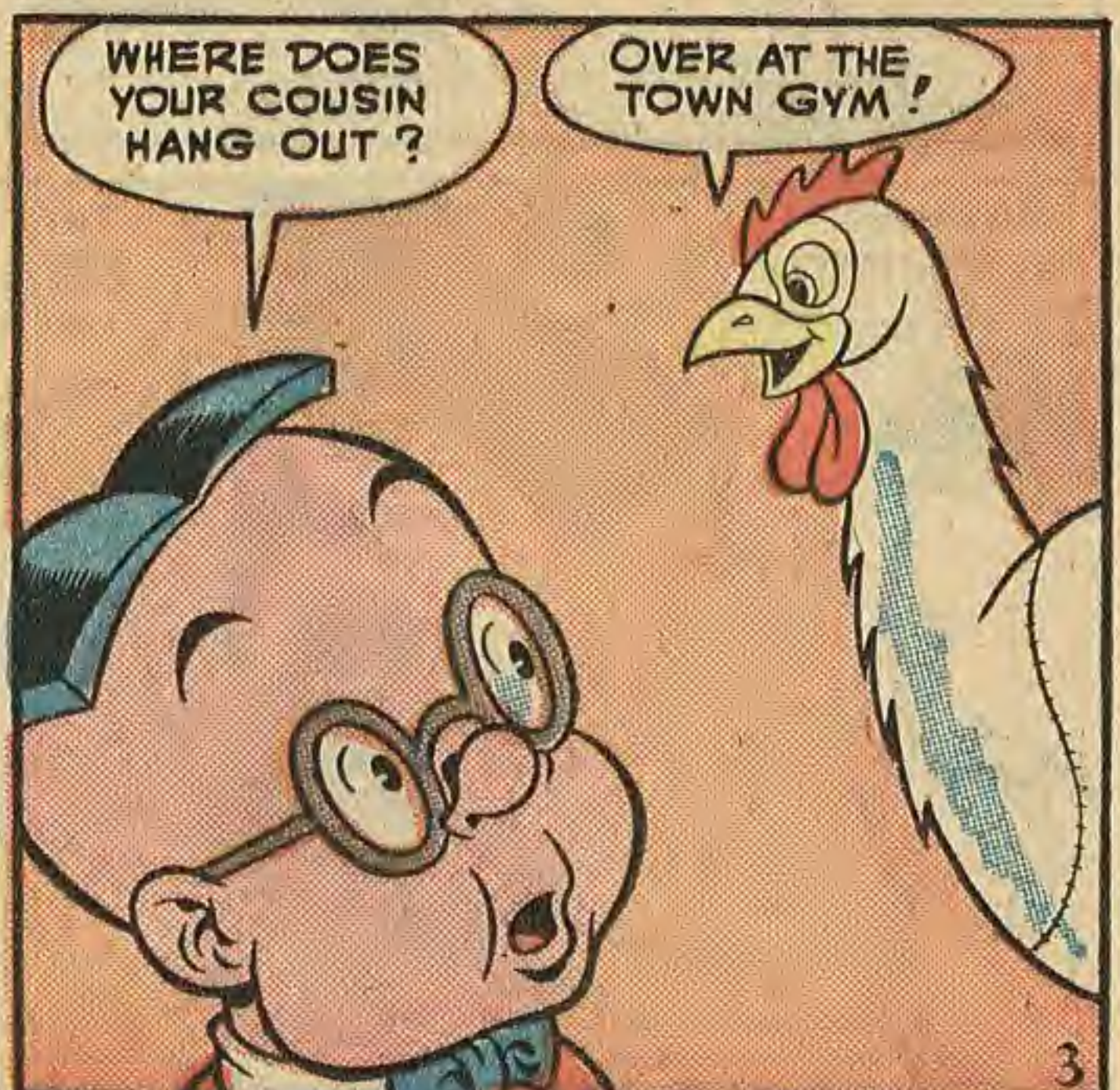
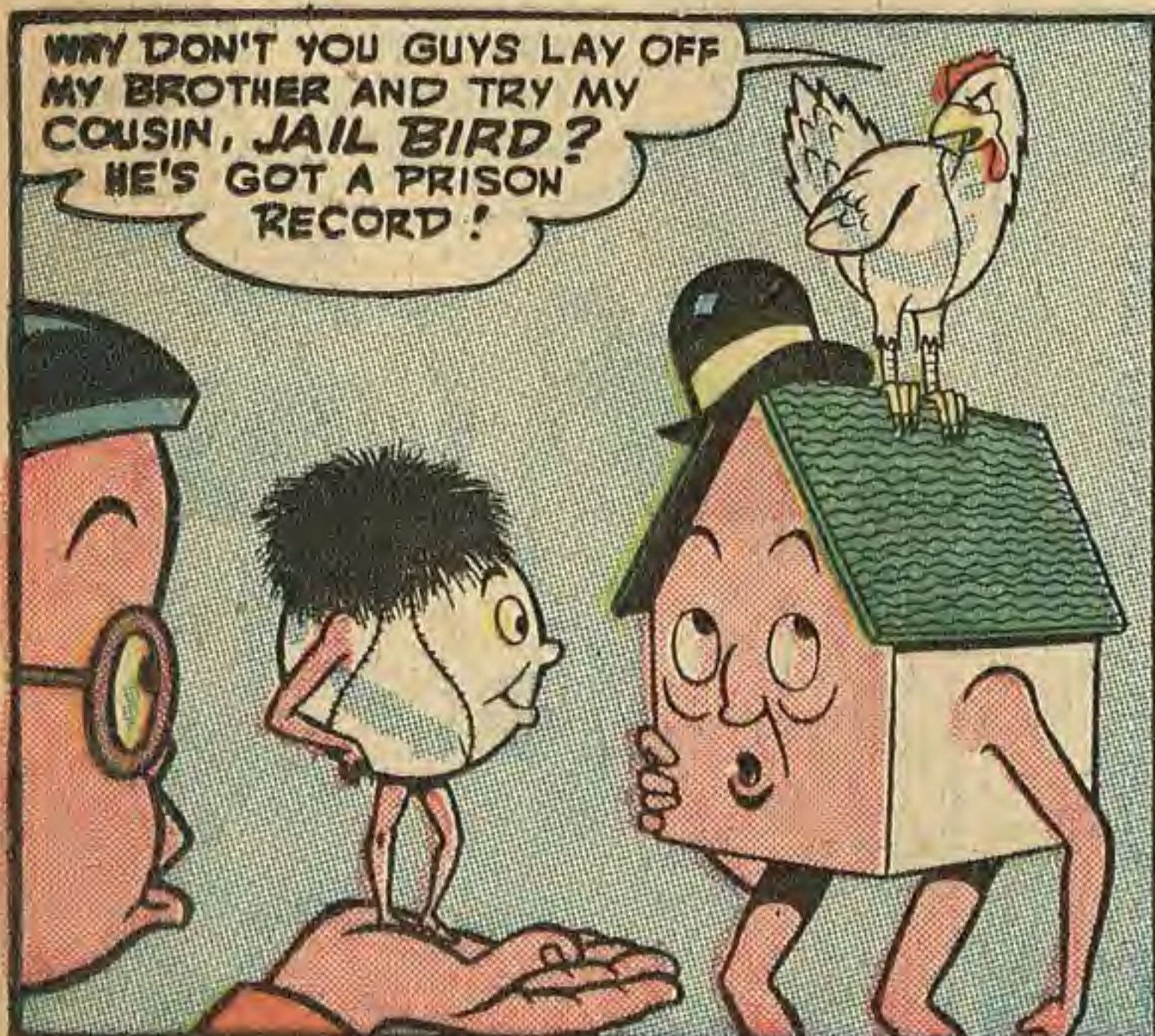
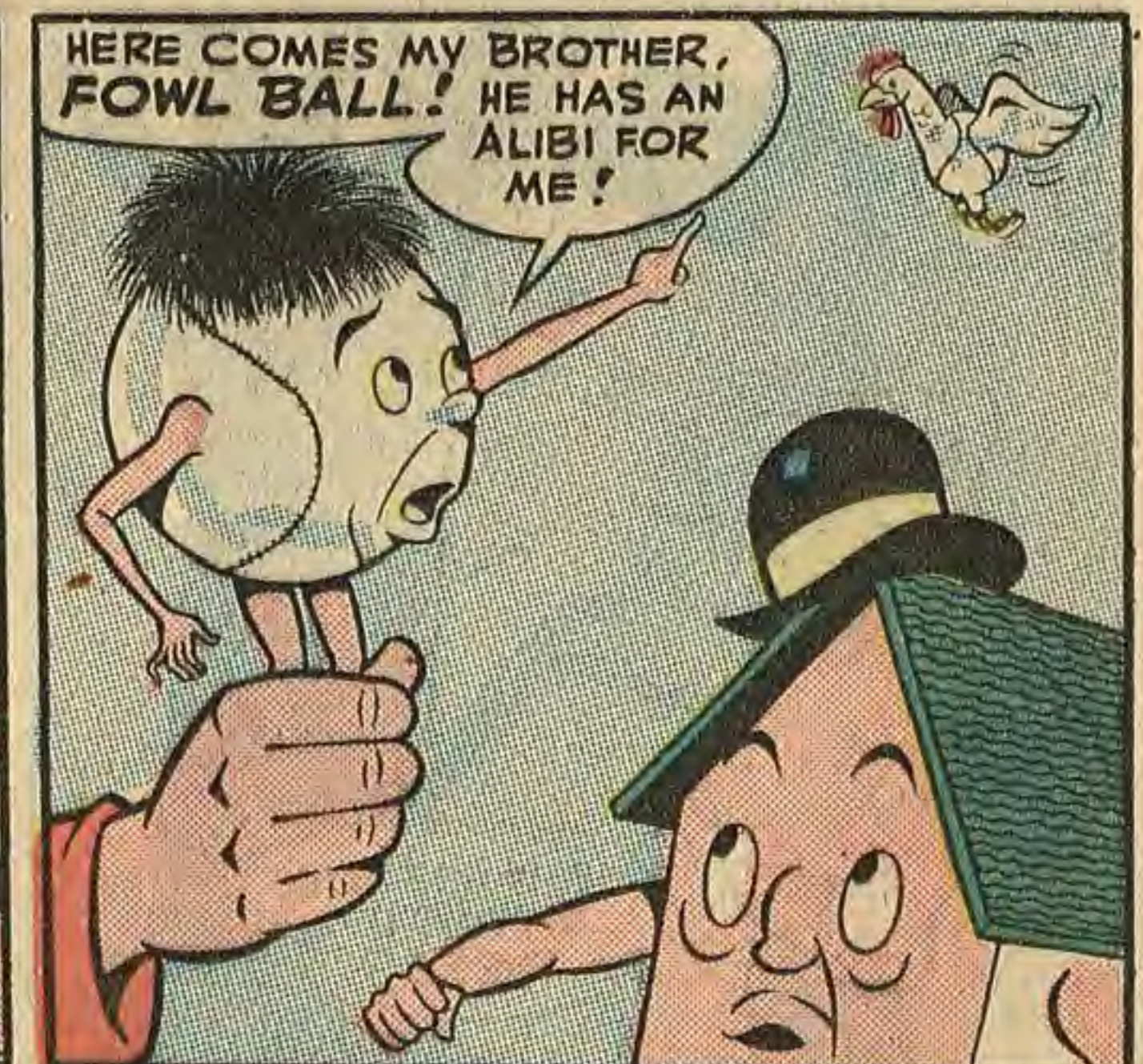
Did you ever see Perky in action?

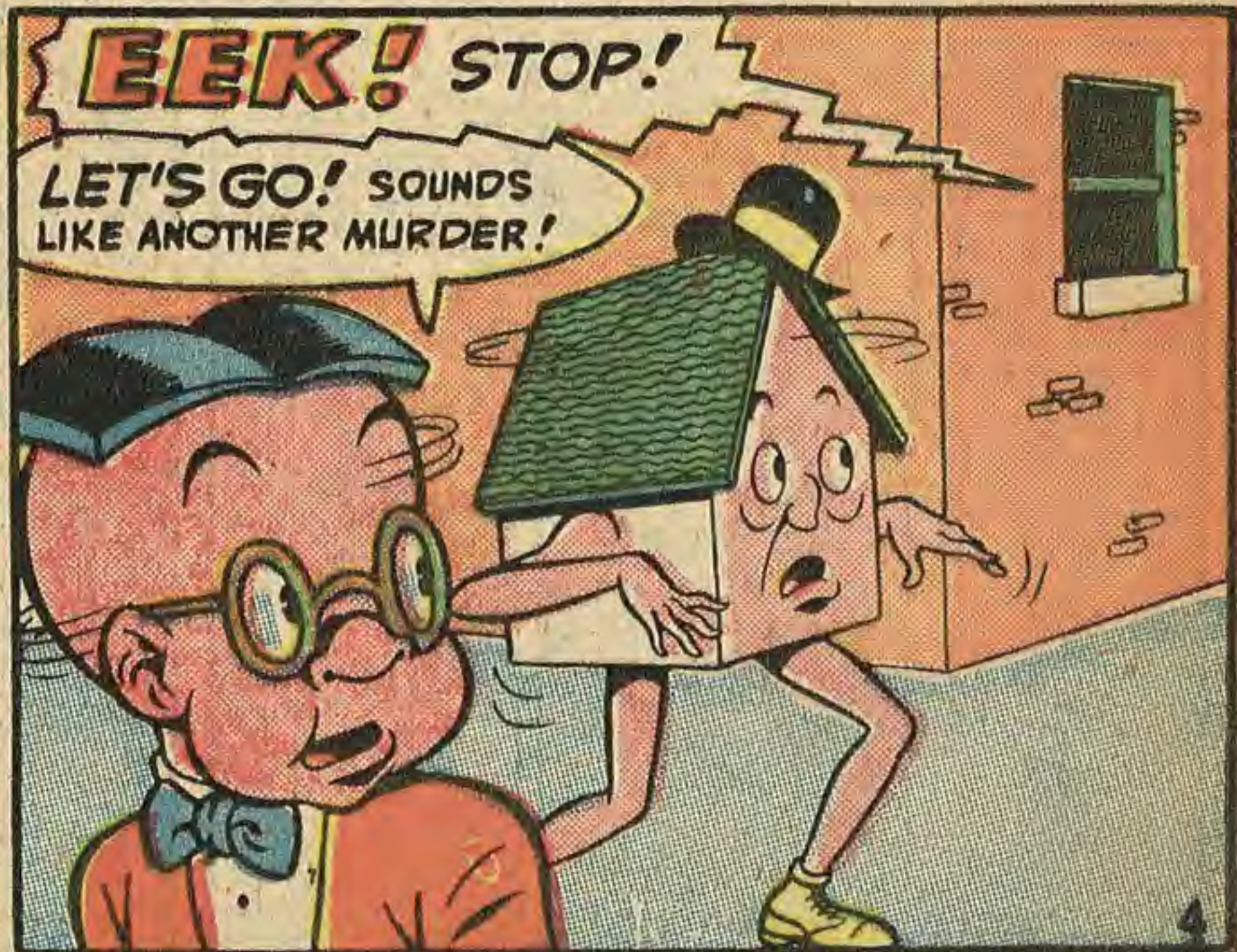
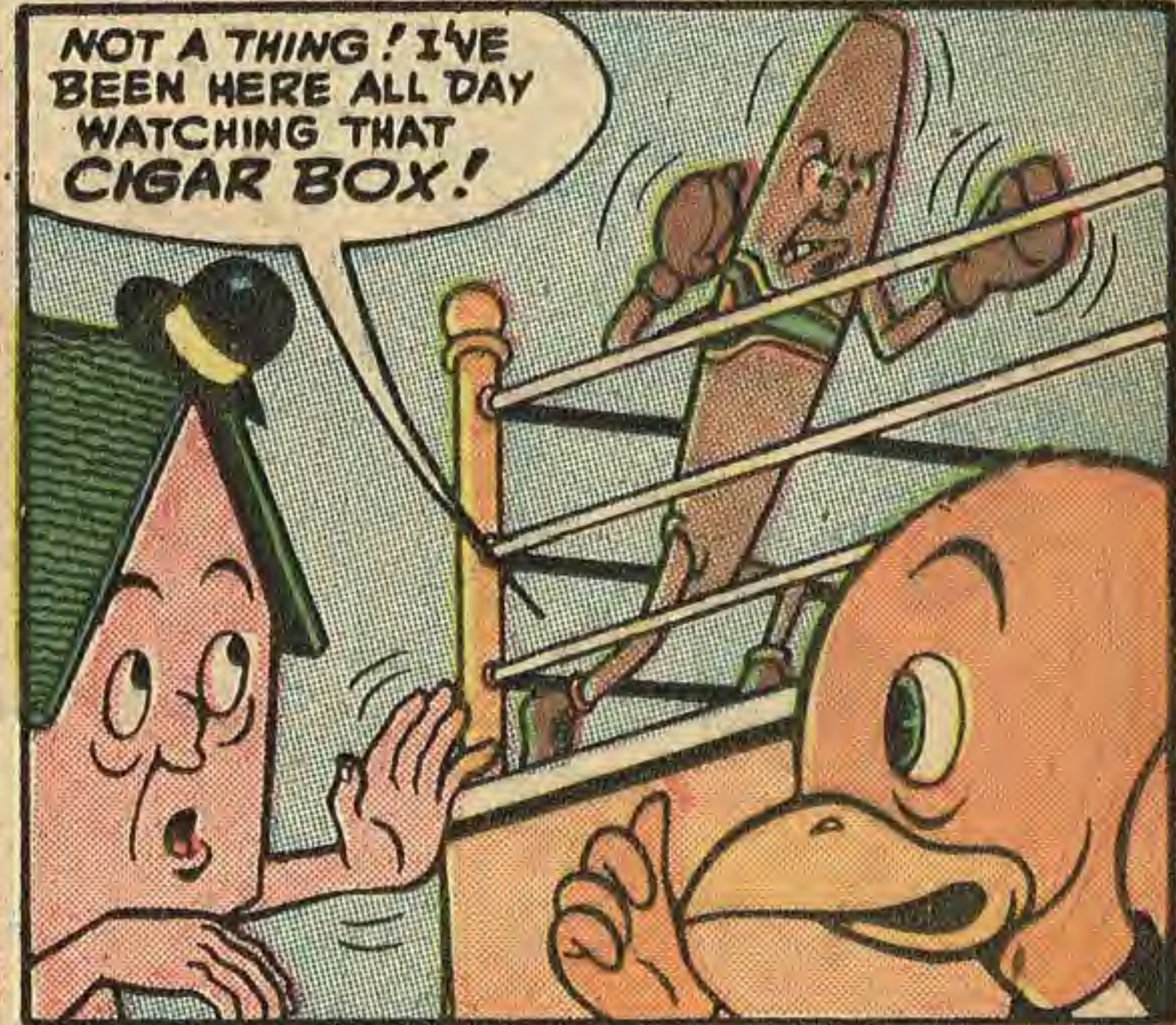
If you didn't, we'll tell you how it all started! Perky volunteered to step into a magician's vanishing box and he really vanished! Since then, every time the magician pulls the lever, Perky is whisked off to worlds that lie beyond!

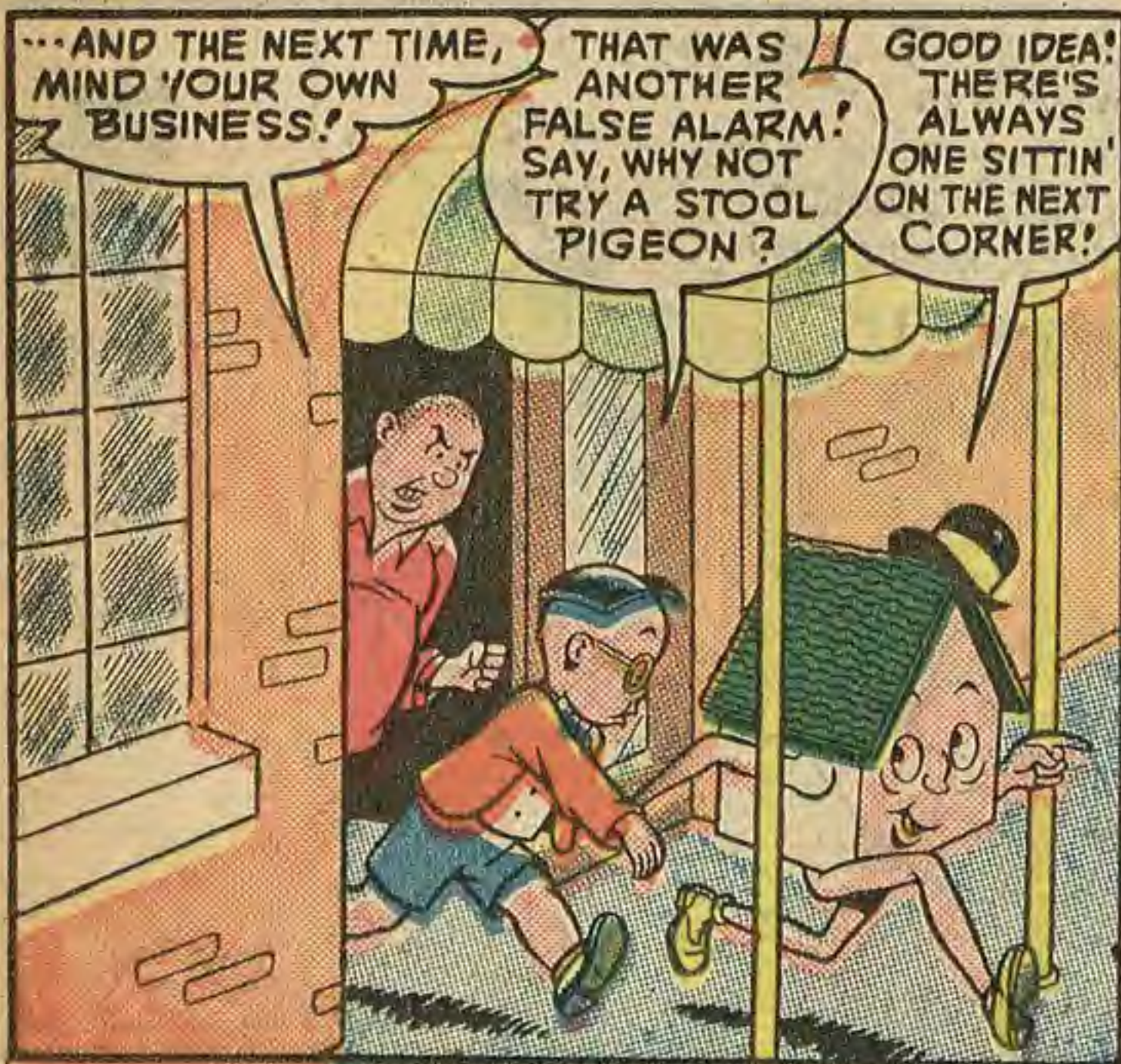


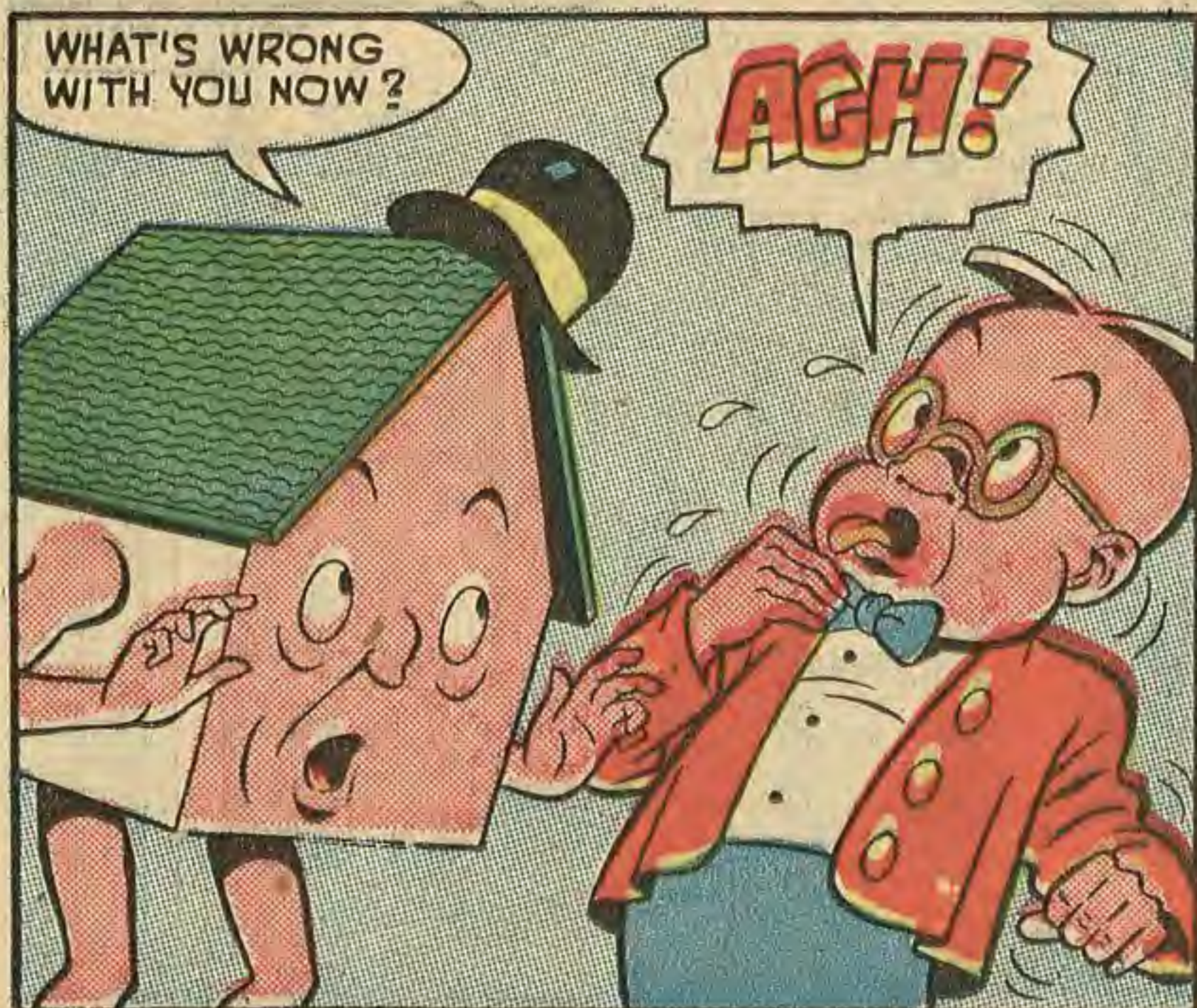
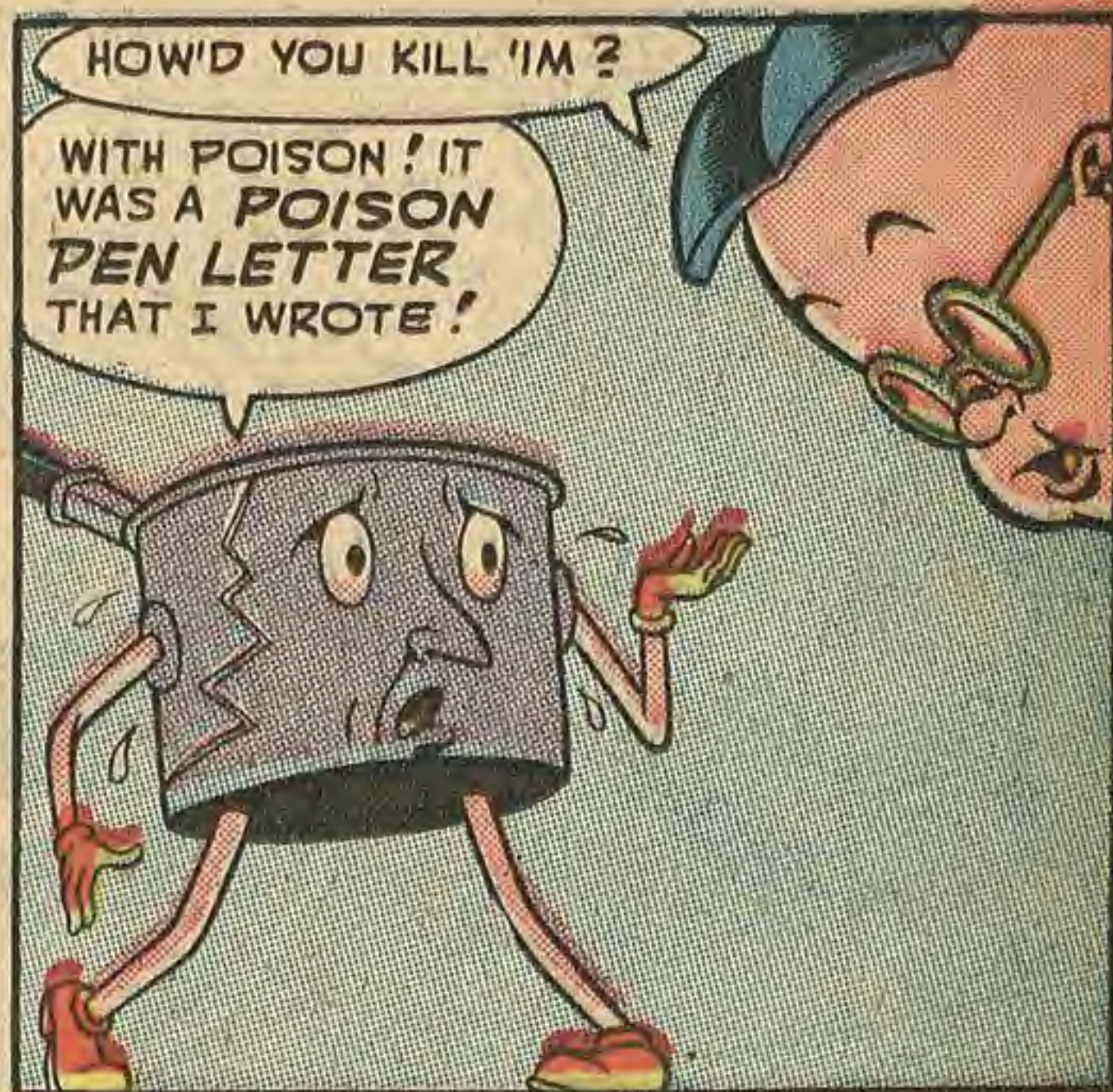
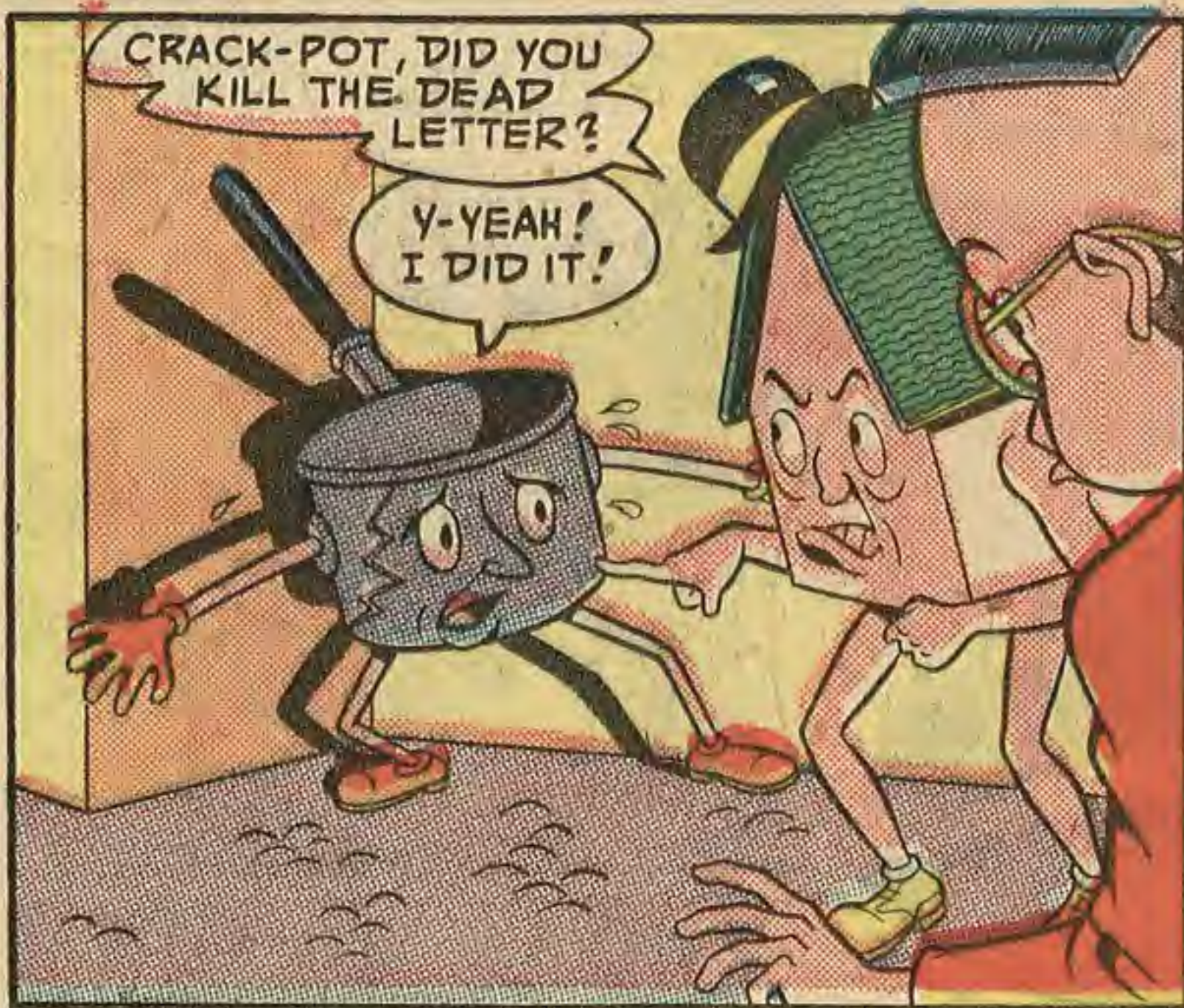
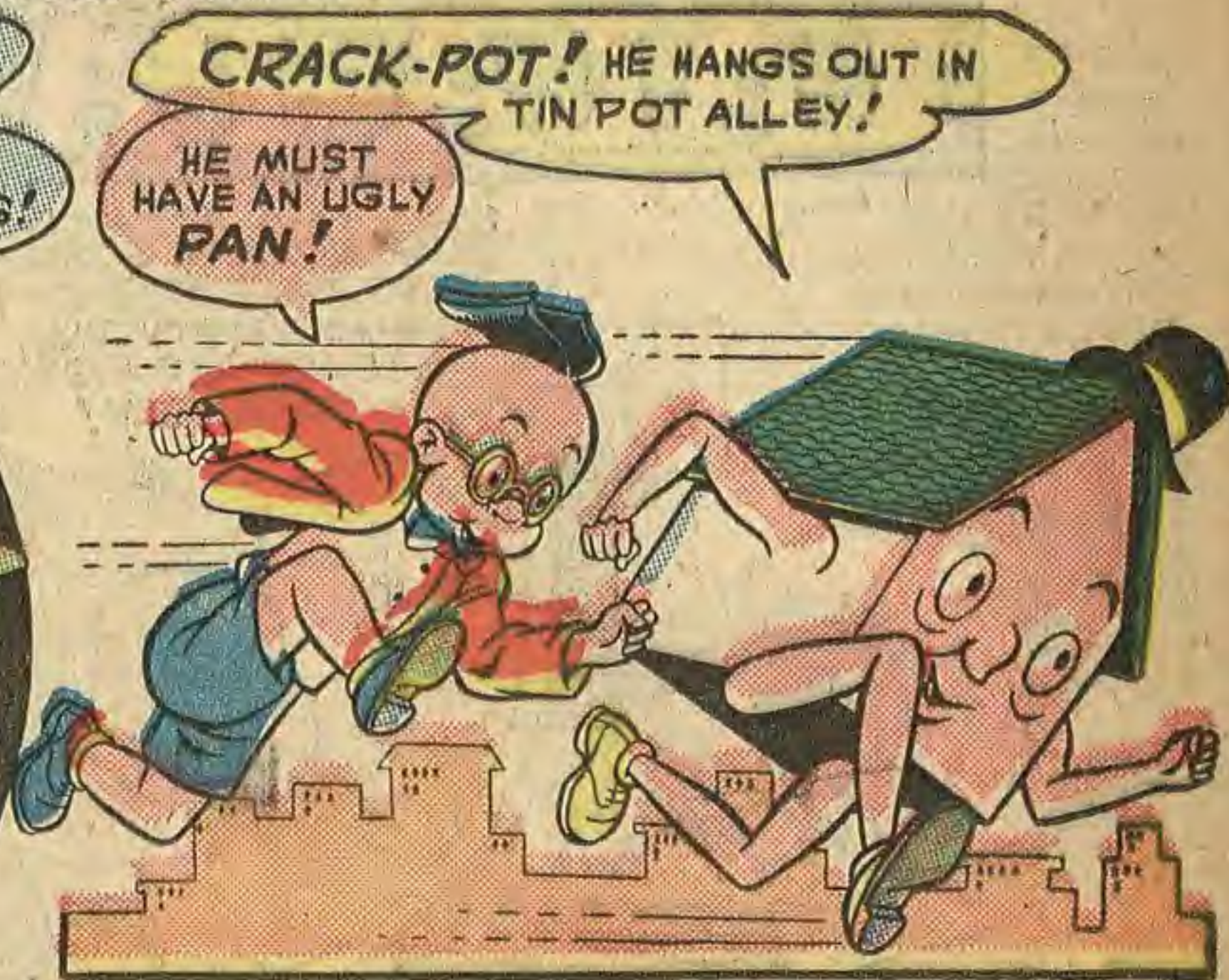
GILL FOX











LALA PALOOZA

BOY! WILL LALA BE PLEASED WHEN SHE GETS BACK AND FINDS I'VE JOINED THE LOCAL VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT!

HAVIN' ME A WATCHFUL GUARDIAN AND EAGLE-EYED DEFENDER OF THE PUBLIC SAFETY WILL PLEASE HER MOST DEFINITELY!

GOOD GOLLY! THAT'S THE ALARM! I GOTTA GET TO THE FIRE HOUSE, FAST!

BADONG!
BONG!
BONG!

WHERE IS IT, BOYS?
WAIT FOR ME!

DOWN THE HILL, VINCE!

THAT'S FUNNY... I JUST CAME FROM THERE!

WHOSE HOUSE IS IT, I WONDER?

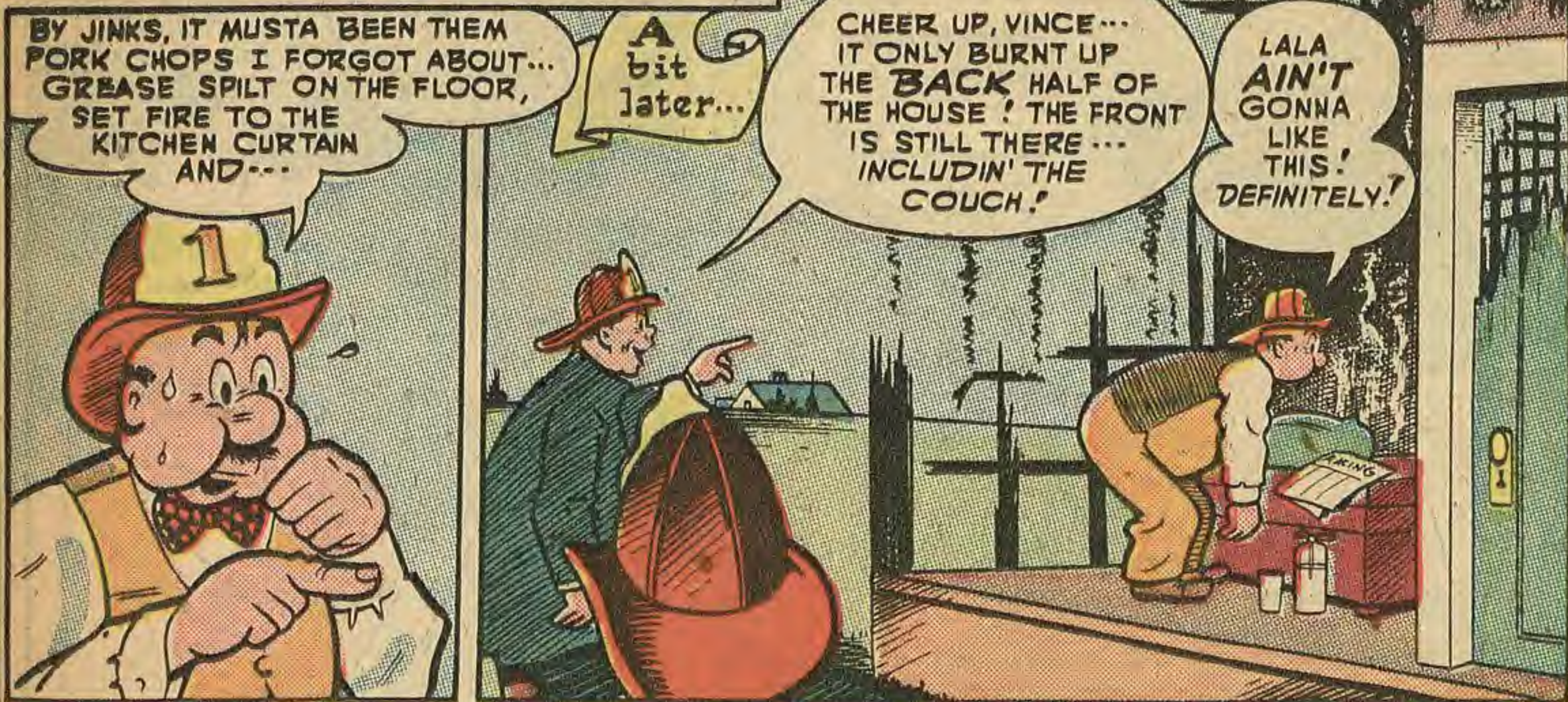
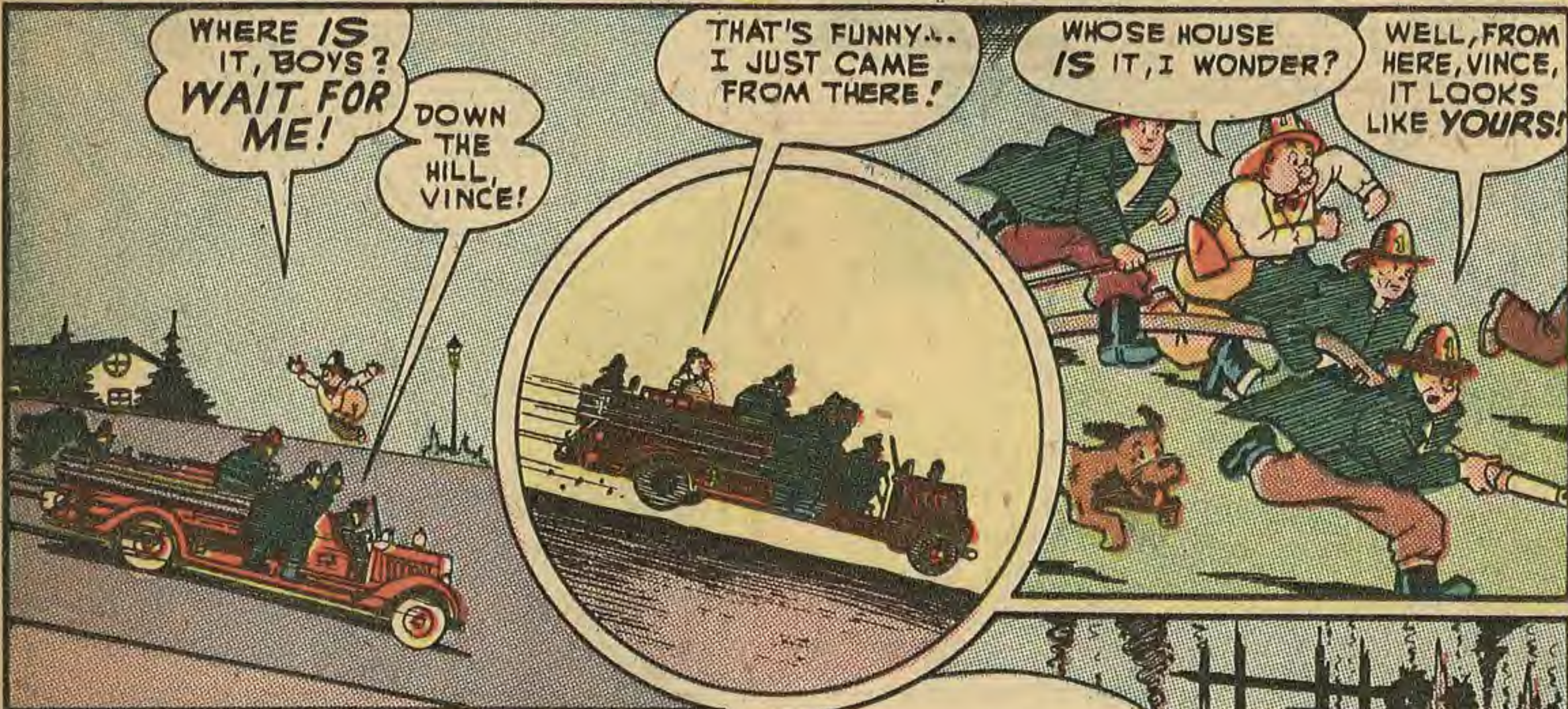
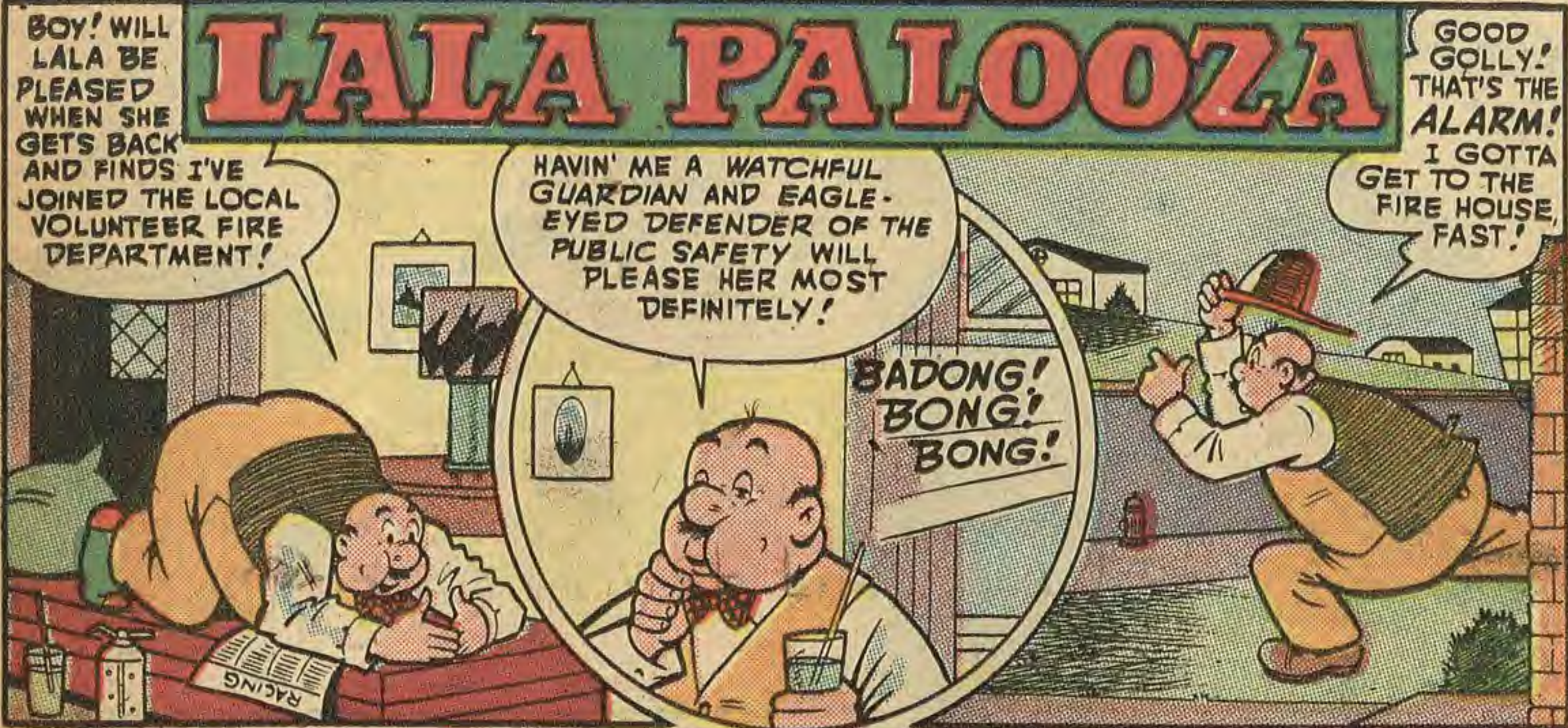
WELL, FROM HERE, VINCE, IT LOOKS LIKE YOURS!

BY JINKS, IT MUSTA BEEN THEM PORK CHOPS I FORGOT ABOUT... GREASE SPILT ON THE FLOOR, SET FIRE TO THE KITCHEN CURTAIN AND...

A bit later...

CHEER UP, VINCE... IT ONLY BURNT UP THE BACK HALF OF THE HOUSE! THE FRONT IS STILL THERE... INCLUDIN' THE COUCH!

LALA AIN'T GONNA LIKE THIS! DEFINITELY!



IF VINCENT
WOULD ONLY
THINK OF ME
JUST
ONCE

IN A WHILE BY EVEN
THE SMALLEST LITTLE
GIFT... BUT... OH, WELL,
WHAT'S THE USE?

LALA PALOOZA

YOUR
BROTHER,
MA'AM...
MISTER
VINCENT
PALOOZA!

A **HAT!**
GOOD GRACIOUS!
WHO COULD HAVE
SENT THIS?

FOR
MISS
LALA
PALOOZA!

FOR
ME?

RRINGG!



WELL, IT'S A WEIRD
LOOKING THING, BUT
AT LEAST HE **DID**
THINK OF ME... POOR
BEWILDERED
CREATURE!

IT'S
COLLECT,
MA'AM...
\$35.00!

NO MATTER... I'LL
GLADLY PAY! IT
REALLY WRINGS
MY HEART STRINGS
TO KNOW THAT VINCENT
COULD THINK OF
SOMEONE BESIDES
HIMSELF!

BUT, WAIT A
MINUTE! THE
HAT IS PRICED
AT **\$20.00!**
WHY CHARGE
ME **\$35.00?**

OH, WE ADVANCED
HIM **\$15.00**
FOR HIMSELF,
AS HE SAID
HE'D LEFT HIS
WALLET AT HOME!



A bit later...
BUT AIN'TCHA
KINDA WORRIED
ABOUT LALA AND
THAT FIFTEEN
BUCKS?

OH, NO...
IT'S ONLY
A LOAN
ON MY
ALLOWANCE,
AND BESIDES..

...LALA GETS A
TERRIBLE BANG
OUTA HATS!

HMM! SHE AN'
HIM **BOTH!**
IT SEEMS!

**YOU FAT
CHISELER!**



ROSCOE



SEÑOR ROSCOE...
RUNNING IN
YOUR
CONDITION?
WHAT A
MIRACLE!

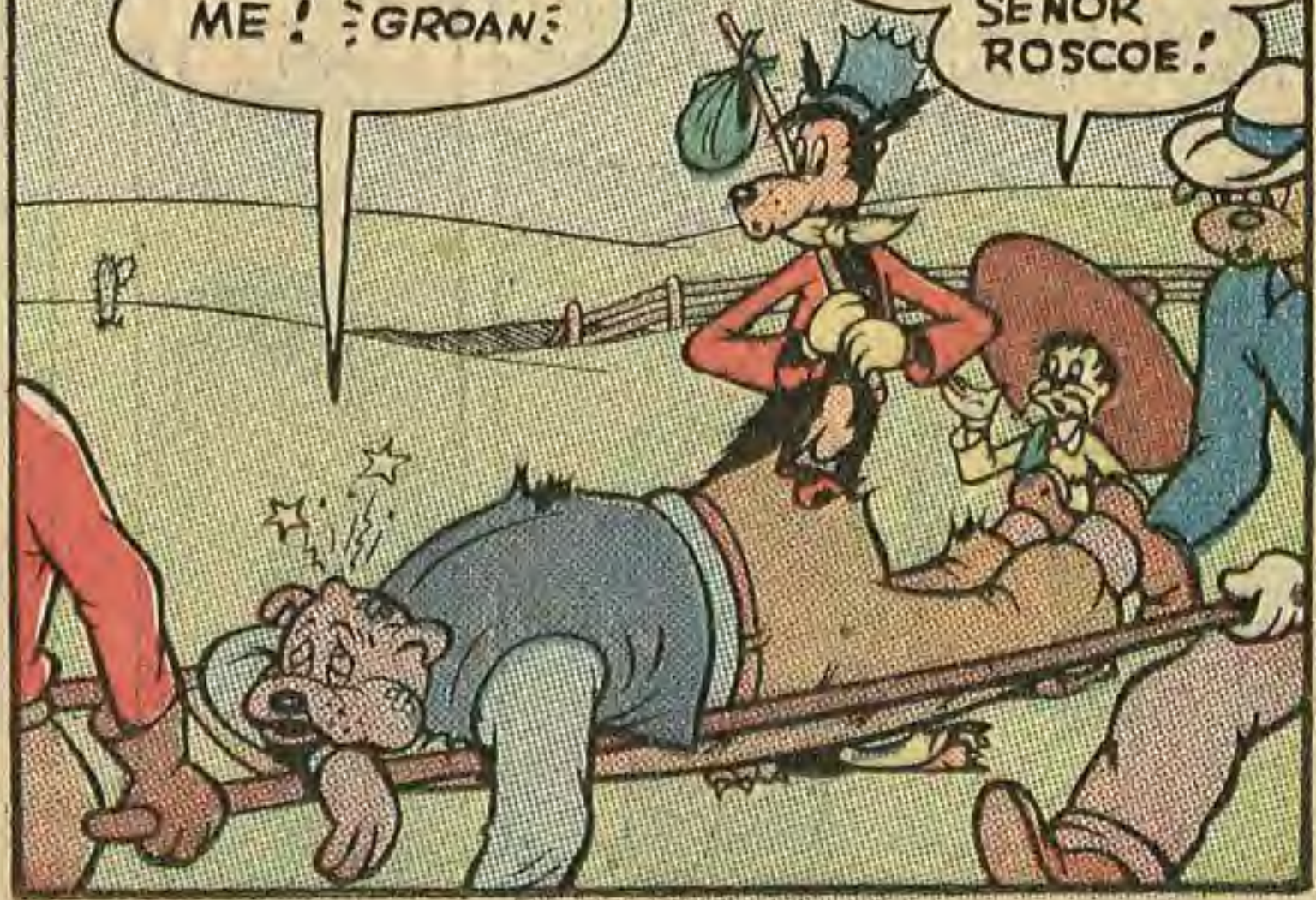
PUFF!
NO, MIRACLE,
EL POPO! PUFF!
JUST HORSE
SENSE!

I'M ROSCOE AND THIS IS EL
POPO! WE'RE LOOKING FOR
A JOB! WHERE'S THE
FOREMAN?

I'M THE
FOREMAN!
HERE COMES
THE RANCH
OWNER
NOW!

THAT HORSE, DIABLO,
HAS NEARLY KILLED
EVERY COW PUNCHER
ON MY RANCH! NOW
HE'S DONE FOR
ME! GROAN!

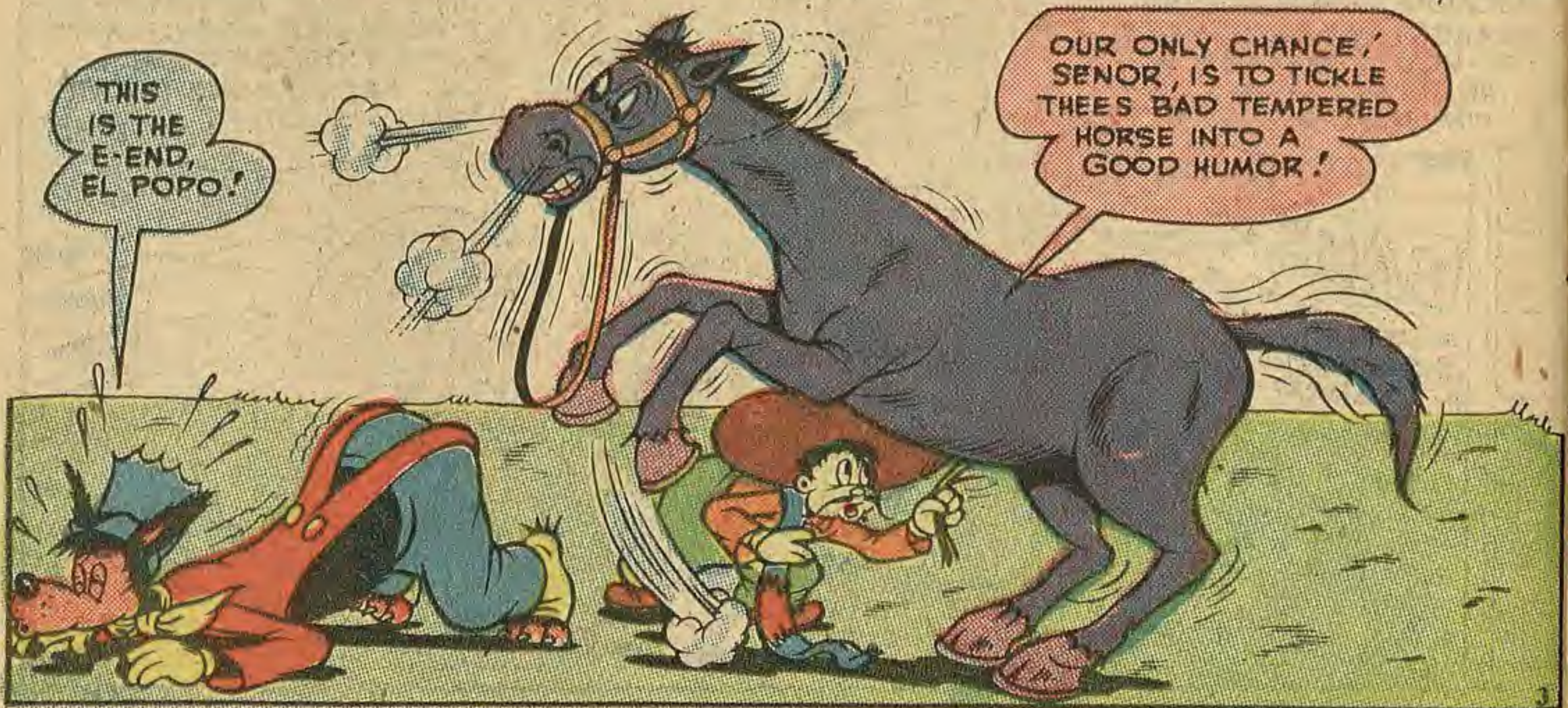
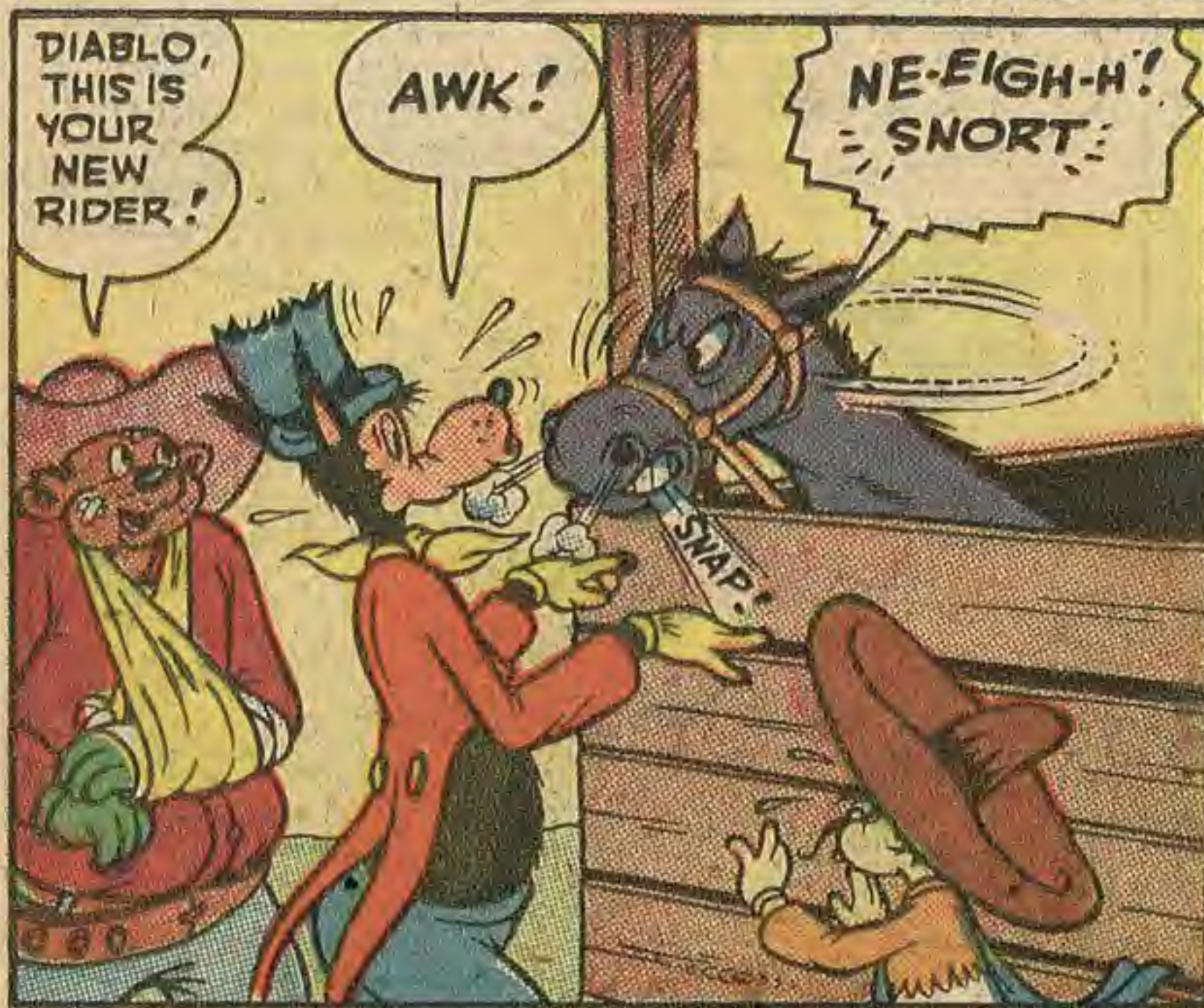
SOMETHING TELLS
ME WE SHOULD
LEAVE THEES
RANCH WHILE
WE'RE HEALTHY,
SEÑOR
ROSCOE!

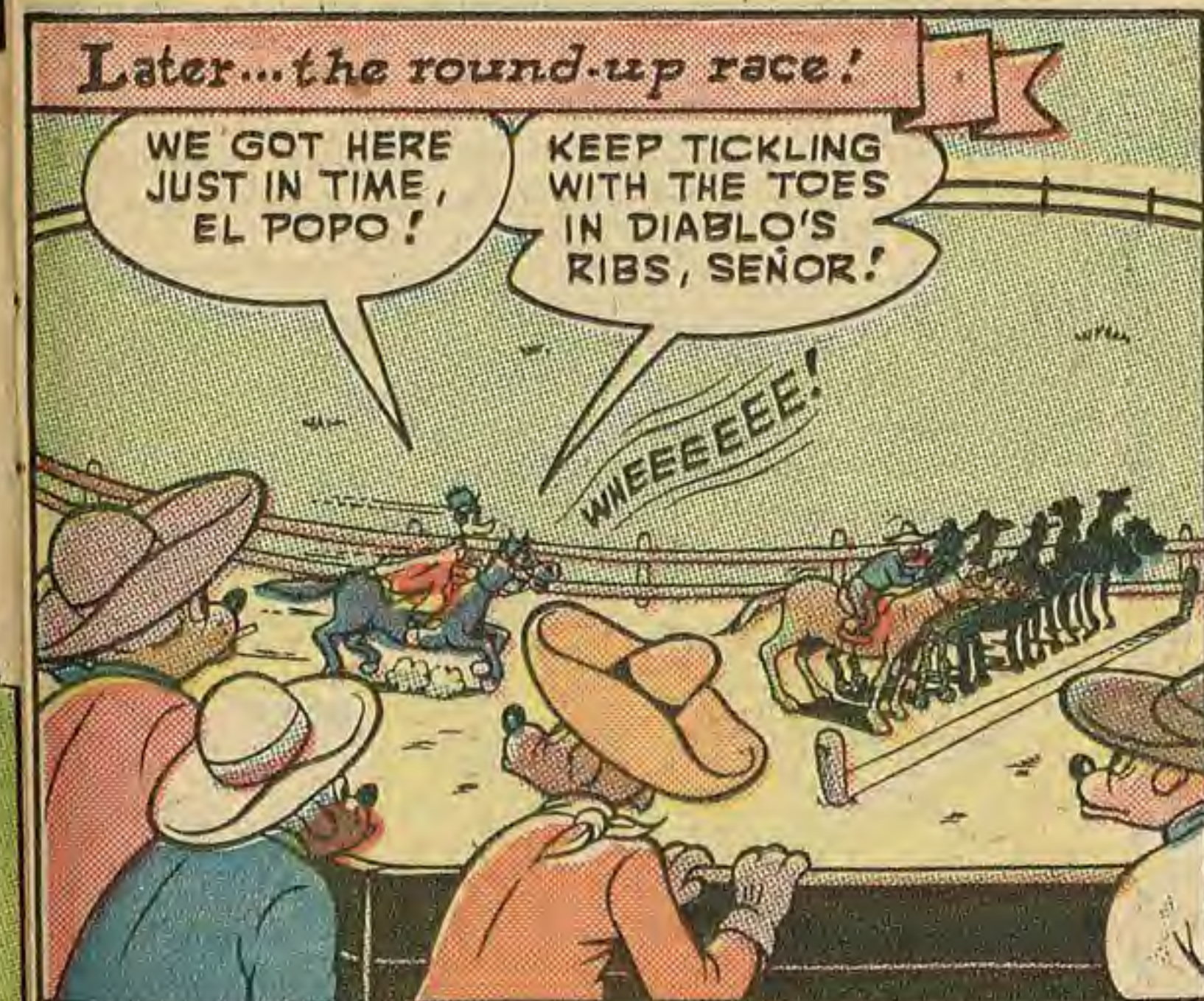
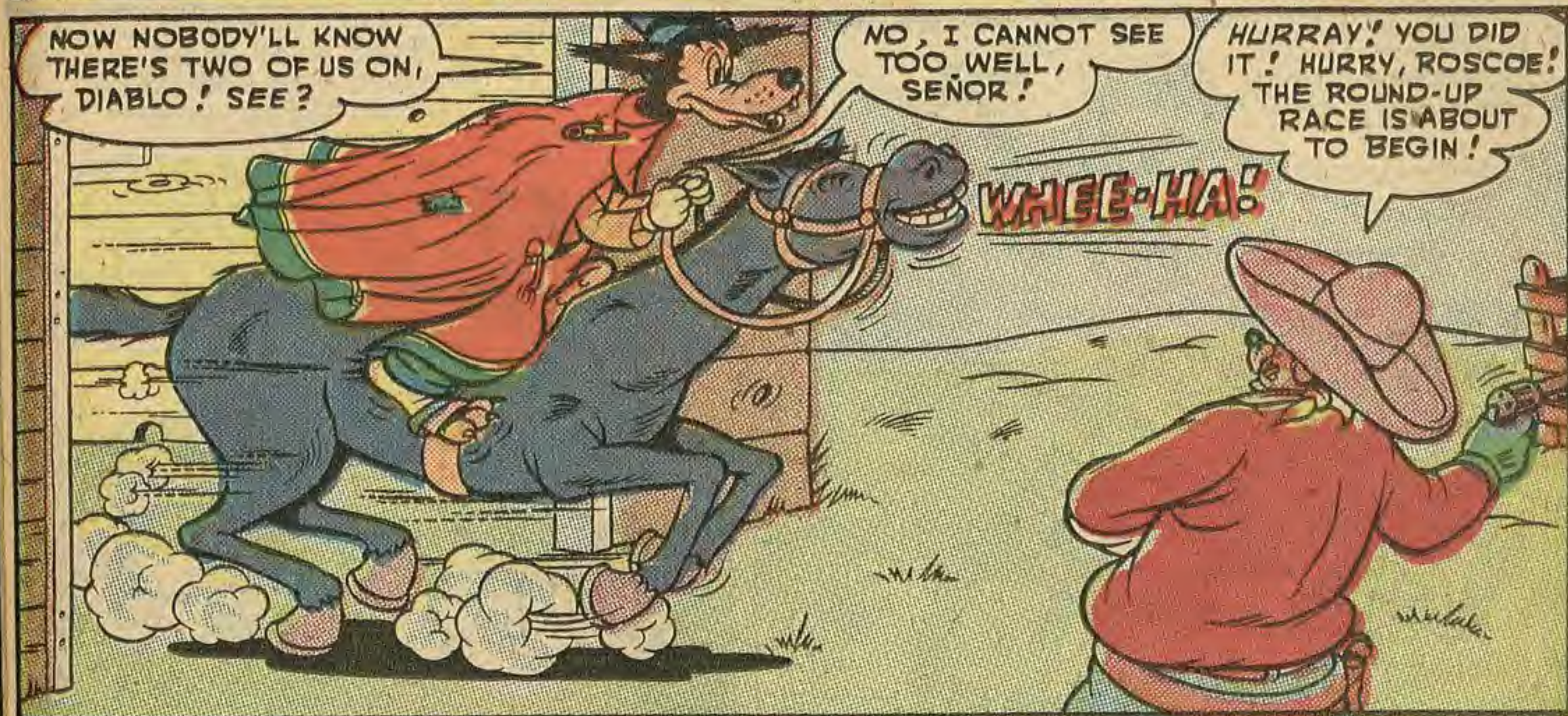
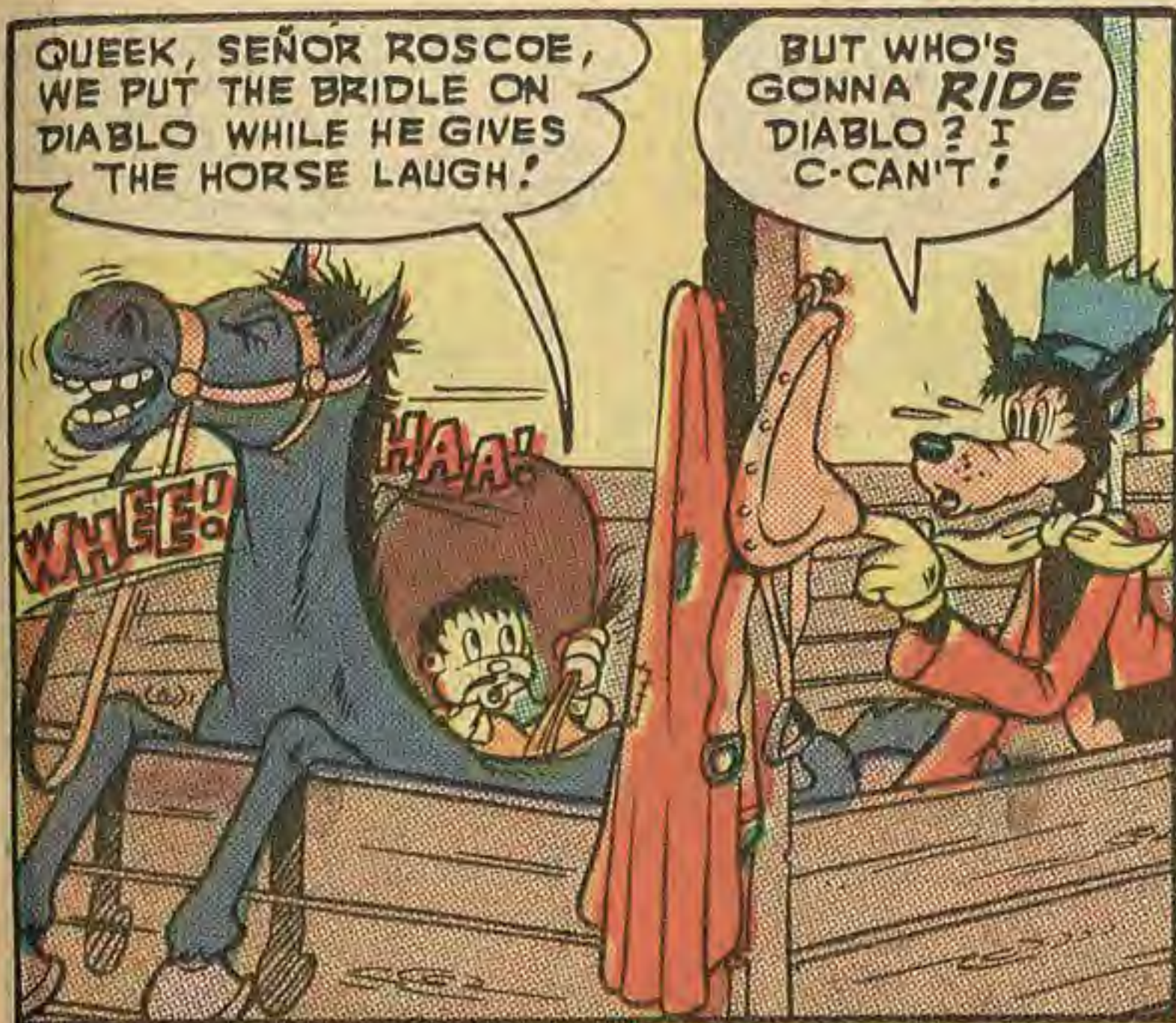


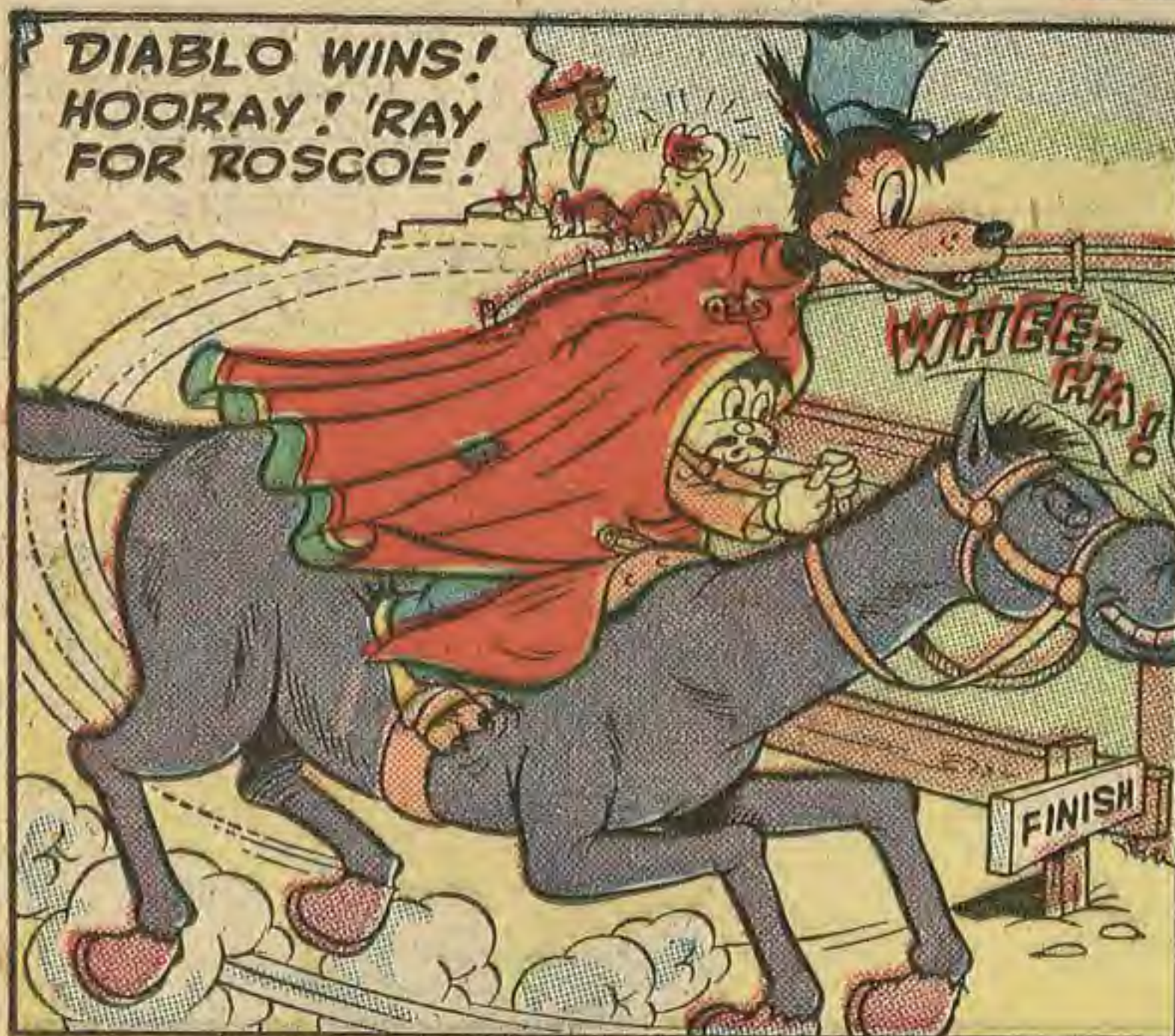
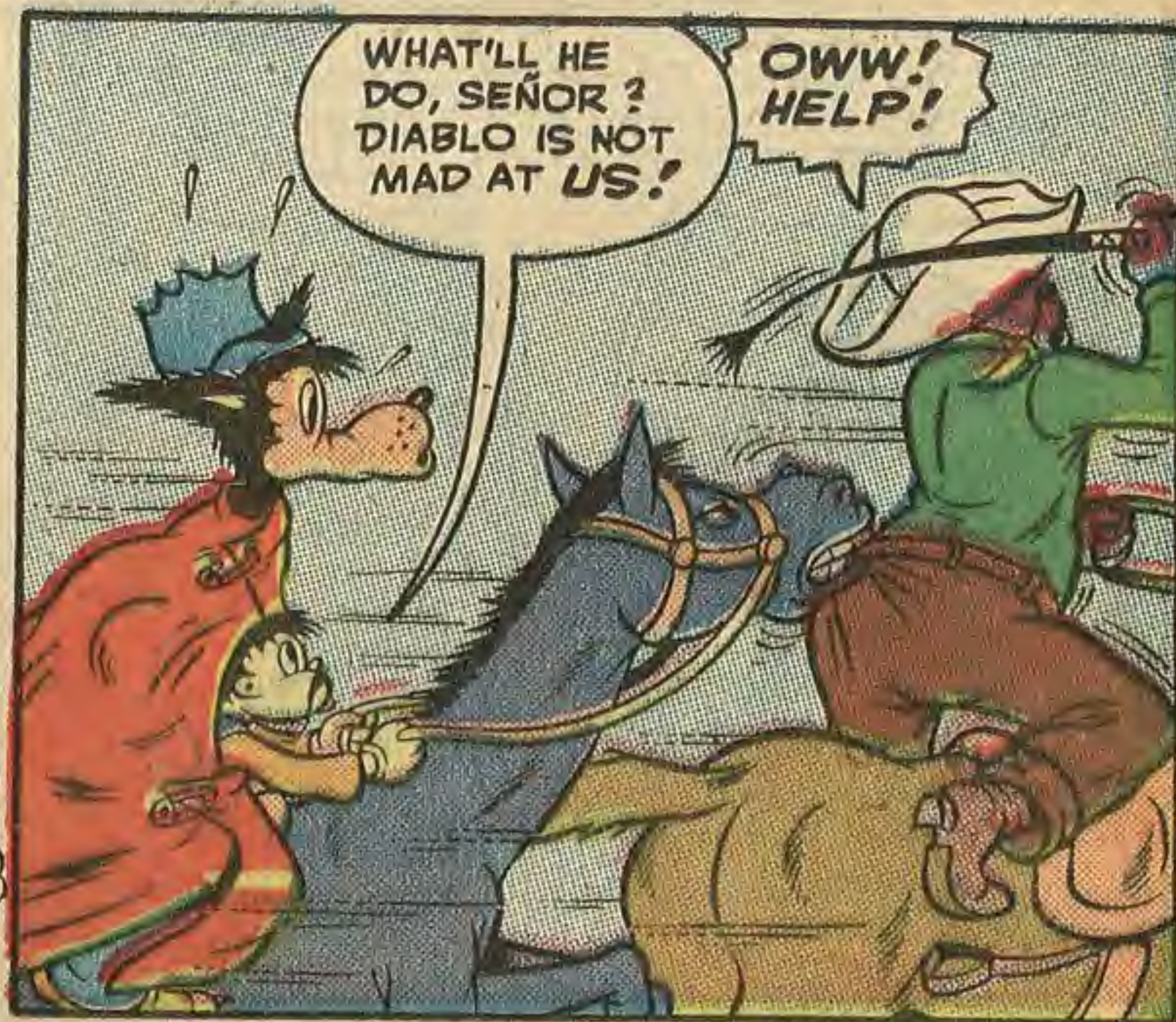
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



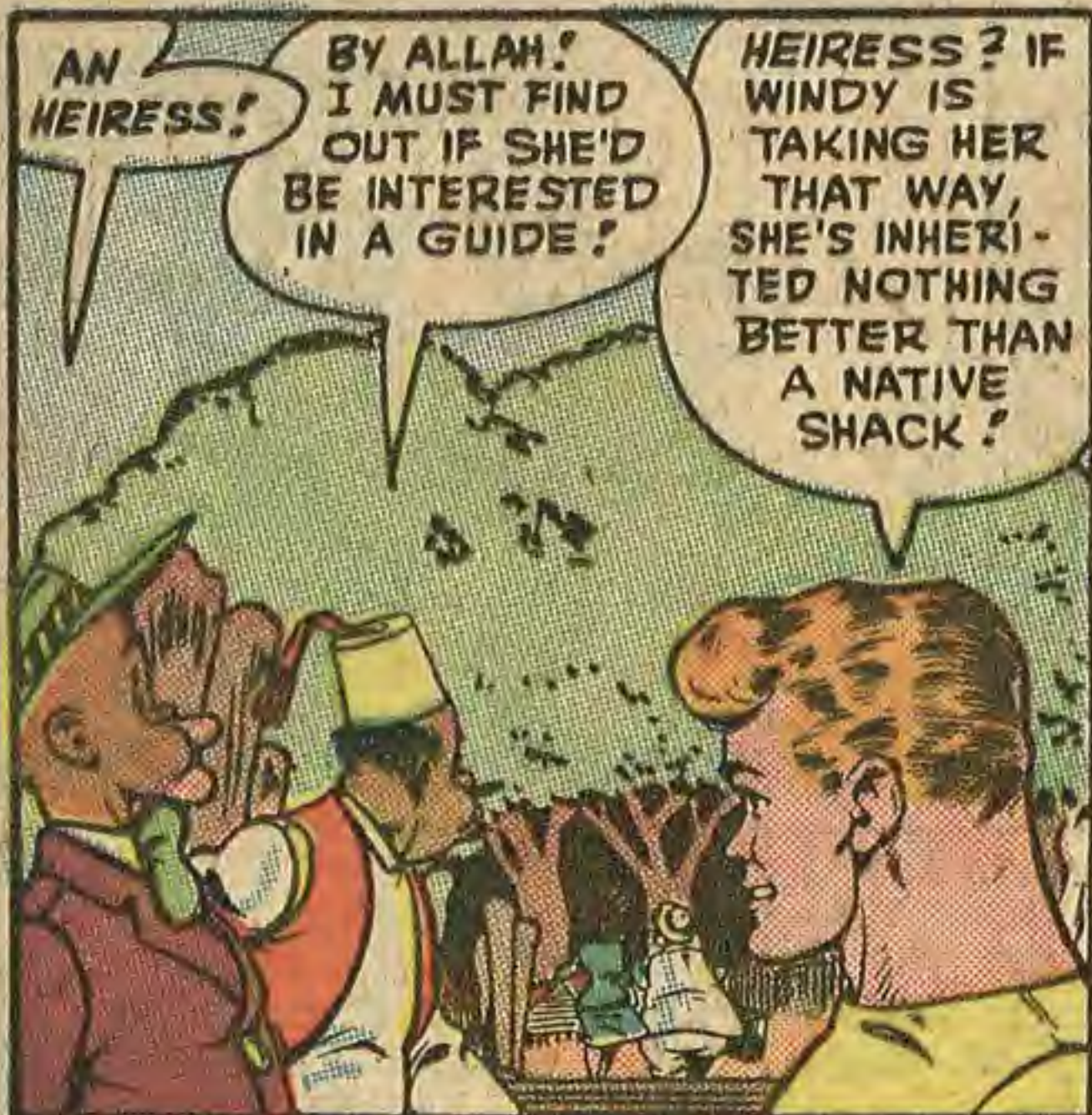




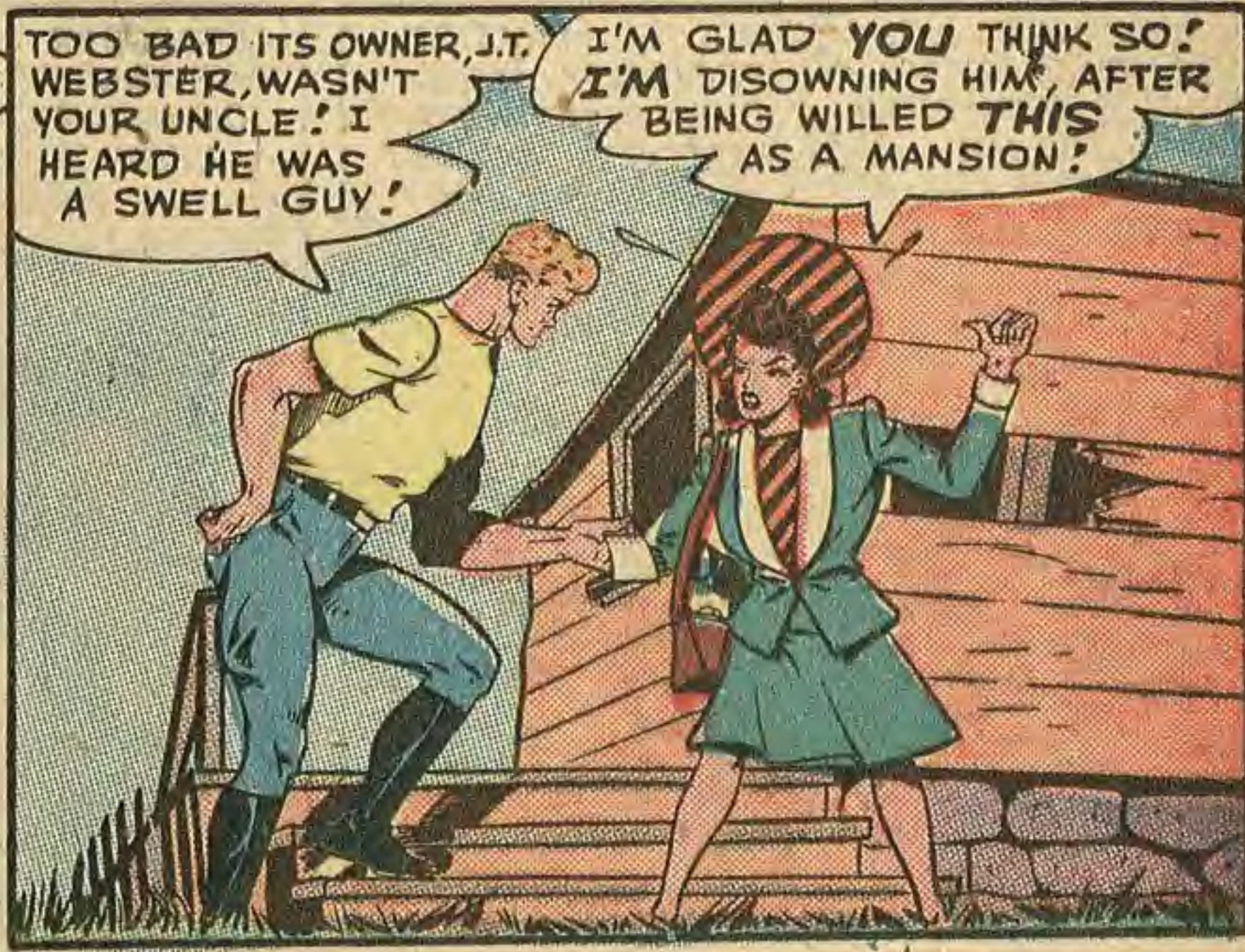
RUSTY RYAN



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS



White Man's MAGIC

IT looks just like Tarzan would prescribe," said Dr. Roberts as he surveyed the thorn boma the natives had thrown around the camp.

His daughter, Martha, laughed "Well, when in Africa do as the Africans do. We do it!"

It was a solid camp they had pitched on the banks of Zambezi. It was going to be there some time. Dr. Roberts, famous for many inventions to help mankind live better, had come to Africa to study a cure of a virulent fever.

"Do you suppose," said Martha, "there are any tsetse flies around here, Dad?"

Roberts shook his head "I don't think so. We will, however, observe the usual precautions."

The crew of Thonga natives they had hired squatted around their campfires that evening, eating and singing their interminable songs. It was a homey enough scene, if you excepted the fact that it was darkest Africa, and these natives were savages.

"I like it," said Martha. "It's wild, and beautiful, and somehow—unforgettable."

Dr. Roberts nodded as he sat looking into the fire. "Well, we might as well get used to it, daughter," he said. "We'll be here a long time."

"Is your laboratory about completed?"

"Just about. I think I can move in the important things tomorrow."

"I wonder," mused Martha. "what Darrel is doing tonight, on the other side of the world!"

Dr. Roberts looked at his daughter slyly. "Lonesome, honey? Don't you worry about Darrel. He'll take care of himself."

A lion roared somewhere off in the shadowy jungle. Martha shivered a little. "It would be nice if he could have come along."

"Yes, it would, Martha."

The first night in any jungle camp is a vivid experience for anyone. Sometimes it is a real thrill.

Martha and her father had crawled into their sleeping bags about ten that night. The natives sat around their cook fires for a time, chatting and occasionally casting glances over their

shoulders into the dark jungle. The night was filled with demons.

But after a while the camp settled down and quiet reigned. A great moon slid up over the trees. The night birds called and whimpered; an occasional nocturnal animal crept through the underbrush, making strange sounds. Martha heard them through her dreams.

But suddenly she sat bolt upright. A terrific scream had cut into her slumber. It was repeated.

"Dad!" she called. Her father answered immediately.

"What is it? The natives screamed."

Dr. Roberts leaped up and grabbed his revolver.

"Maybe some of their demon-chasing antics," he said.

Then another scream curdled through the night. The natives were up, yelling, jumping about, in a real frenzy of fear. Dr. Roberts hurried out of his tent.

At first he saw nothing except the glowing embers of the fires and the fleeting shadows of his bearers as they bustled about, gripping weapons.

"What is it?" he demanded of the headman.

"Bwana," said the native, "it is a great demon. It came into the camp, near the fires there, look!"

"Bosh!" said Roberts. He could see nothing. Then he saw it. A great shadowy mass moving slowly along the inside of the thorn boma. He called out. The great mass kept going, as if searching for a place to escape. Roberts hurried forward, leveling his pistol.

"Stop!" he shouted. He didn't know whether the thing was man or animal. It didn't stop. "I'll shoot!" yelled the doctor.

But as he was taking aim, the thing disappeared. It had found a hole in the thorn wall.

There was little sleeping for the rest of the night. The natives were on edge. Demons—just the mention of the word—frightens them out of their wits.

In the morning, Dr. Roberts made a careful search of the camp. There were no tracks anywhere. No evidence that anything had been inside the boma. Imagination, Roberts told himself. But he wasn't sure. He had seen *something*.

Dr. Roberts made a discovery at breakfast time. Half of his bearers had vanished during the night. The demons had frightened them back to their kraals.

"Oh, well," he said to Martha, "we'll make out somehow."

But the next night the same thing occurred. And morning found the camp reduced again in numbers.

"This can't go on," Roberts told Martha. "We must keep the rest of the natives or find ourselves in a bad jam."

But as similar occurrences took place for the next two nights, and more natives slipped off, Dr. Roberts decided to cable for Darrel Dane. There was no use in jeopardizing his expedition; it was important.

Darrel's arrival was a happy event, especially for Martha. When he had been told the happenings of the past few nights, he was worried.

"You're in danger, Dr. Roberts," he said. "I happen to know that the Thongas are poison here in the Zambezi country. This is the country of the Batsuos, a warlike tribe."

Roberts nodded. "You think then that these Batsuos are causing the trouble, just to scare the Thongas out?" he asked.

"Nothing else," said Darrel. "And there is little you can fight back with. Once all your natives are gone, what are you going to do?"

Roberts pondered this for a moment. "That's where you come in," he said easily. "I hoped you'd have the answer."

Darrel Dane chuckled. "Thanks for the compliment, but I may be unable to do much good."

"You'll try?"

"Of course, Doctor."

There was nothing for Darrel to do until nightfall. They all waited around until the sun had set, then had dinner. The few remaining natives were on the uneasy side, casting afrighted glances into the dense jungle.

But nothing happened that night, and the natives took heart,

It occurred the following night, just after the camp had settled down to sleep. Darrel had remained awake purposely, to watch. Suddenly he saw a line of strange looking creatures working its way into the boma. They looked like gigantic ants. They crept slowly around the inside of the enclosure.

"But they can't be ants!" Darrel told himself. "Best way to find out . . ."

Then Darrel Dane compressed the molecules of his body to become, on the instant, a tiny mite of a figure—the Doll Man!

Slowly and silently he crept through the grasses to the first of the strange ant-things. On close inspection it turned out just as he supposed: it was a native dressed in an ungainly ant-like getup. Craftily, the Doll Man edged in front of the creature, and with a mighty blow of his minute fist knocked the fellow out.

One after another he made the rounds, laying every ant-man low. Then he went to Dr. Roberts' tent and waked him.

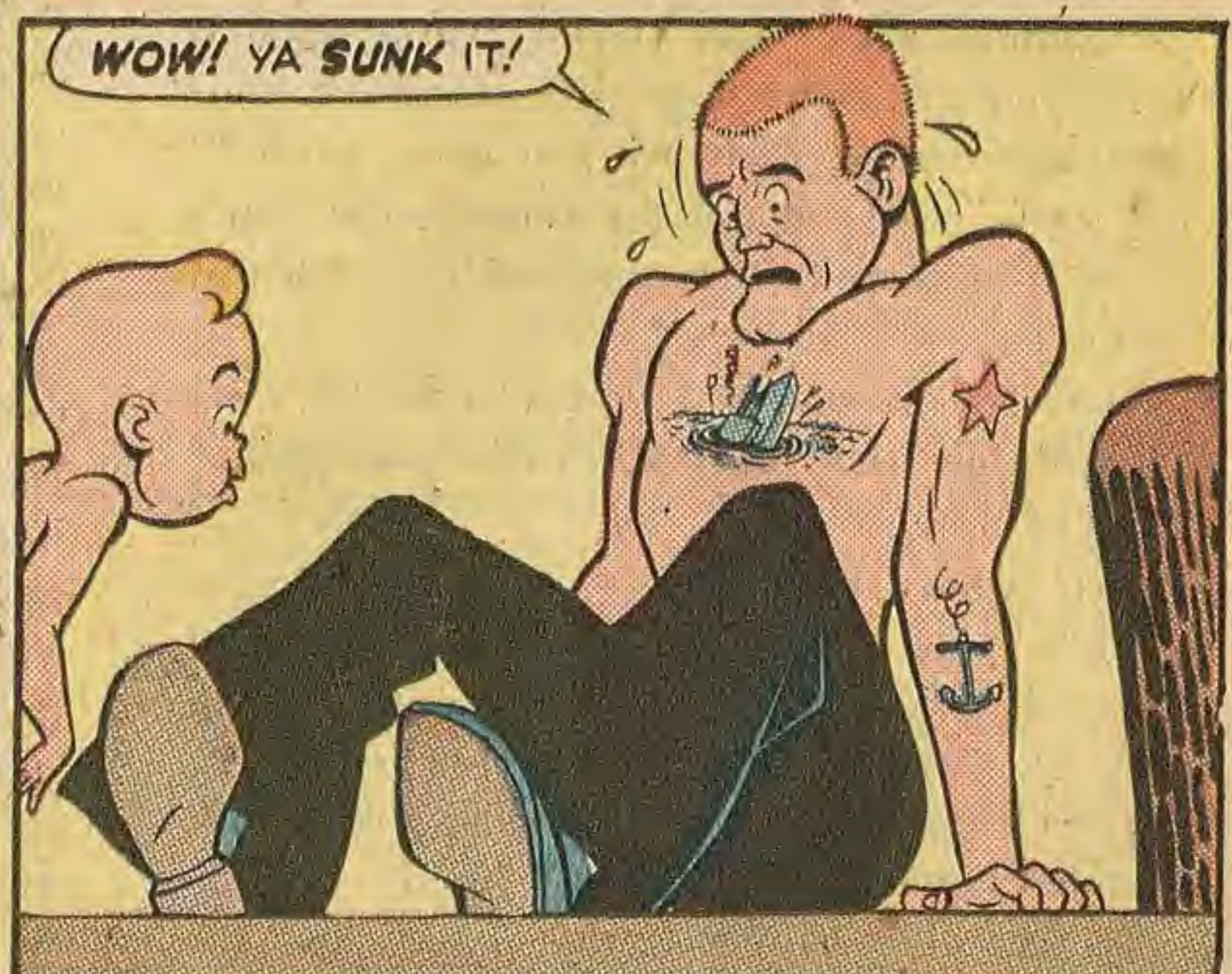
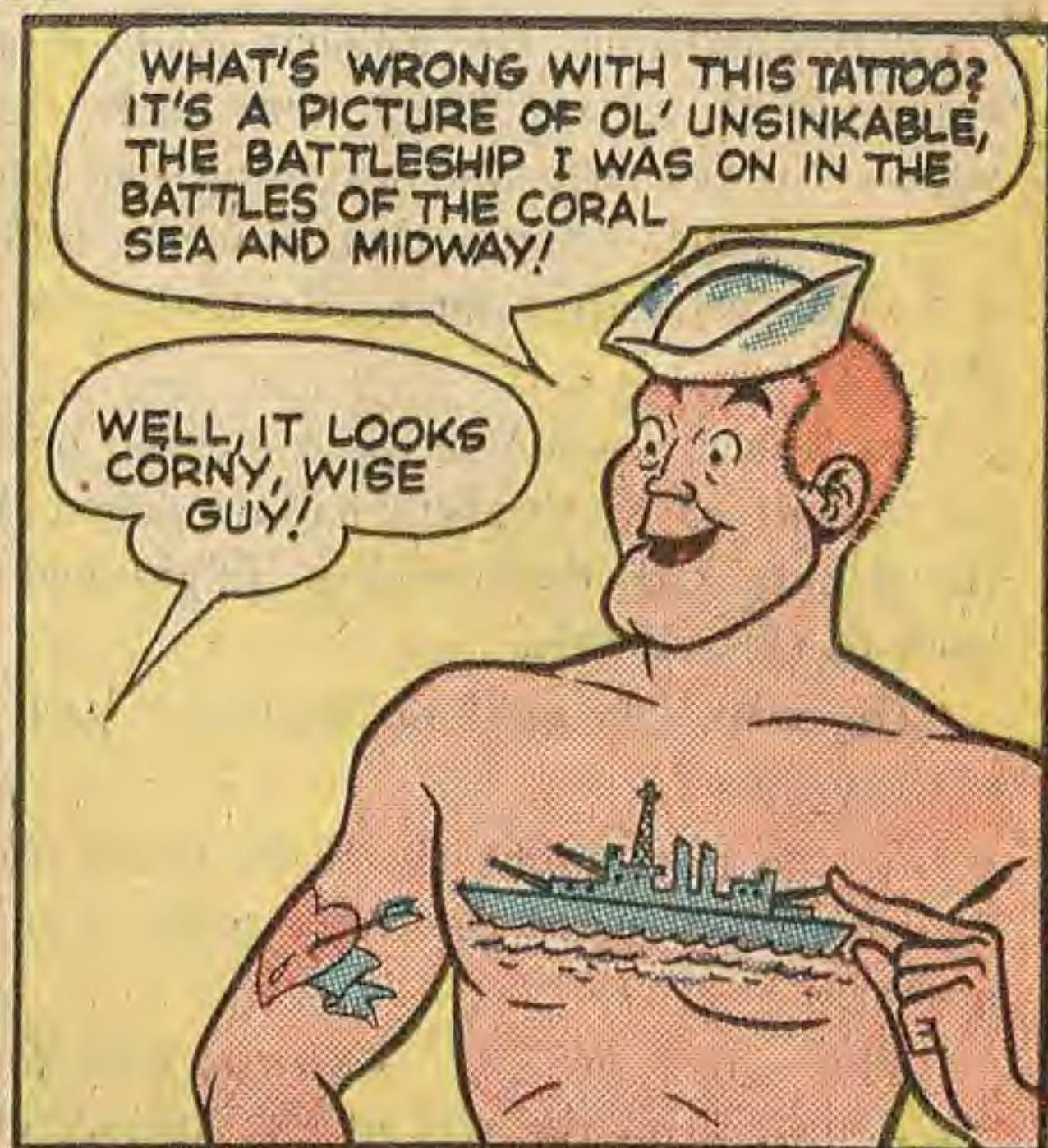
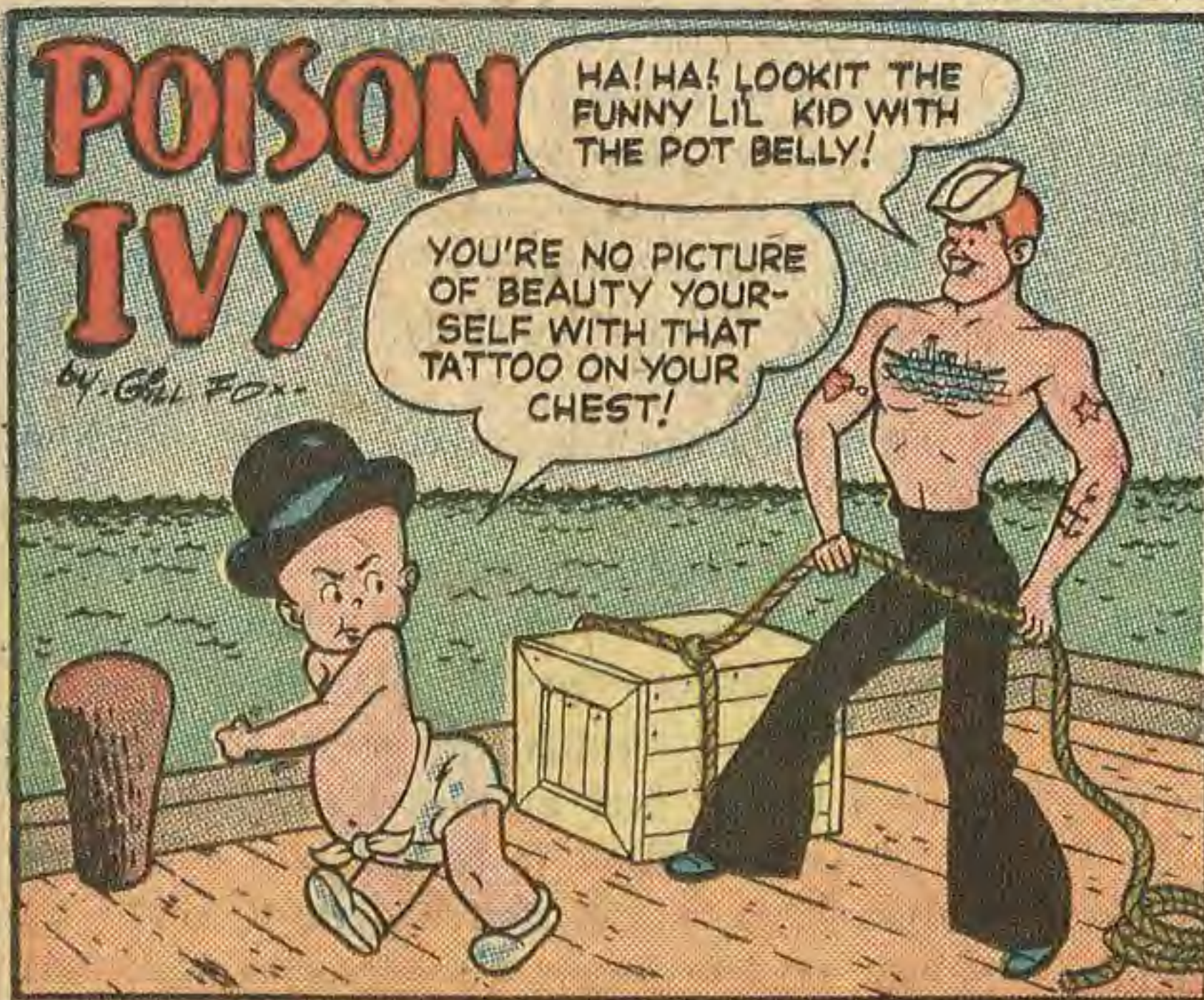
"I've got an idea," he said. "We've got to frighten both the Batsuos and your Thongas. I've knocked out your strange visitors; they're Batsuos dressed up like big ants; they should stay out for a few minutes. Now here's what you do. . . ."

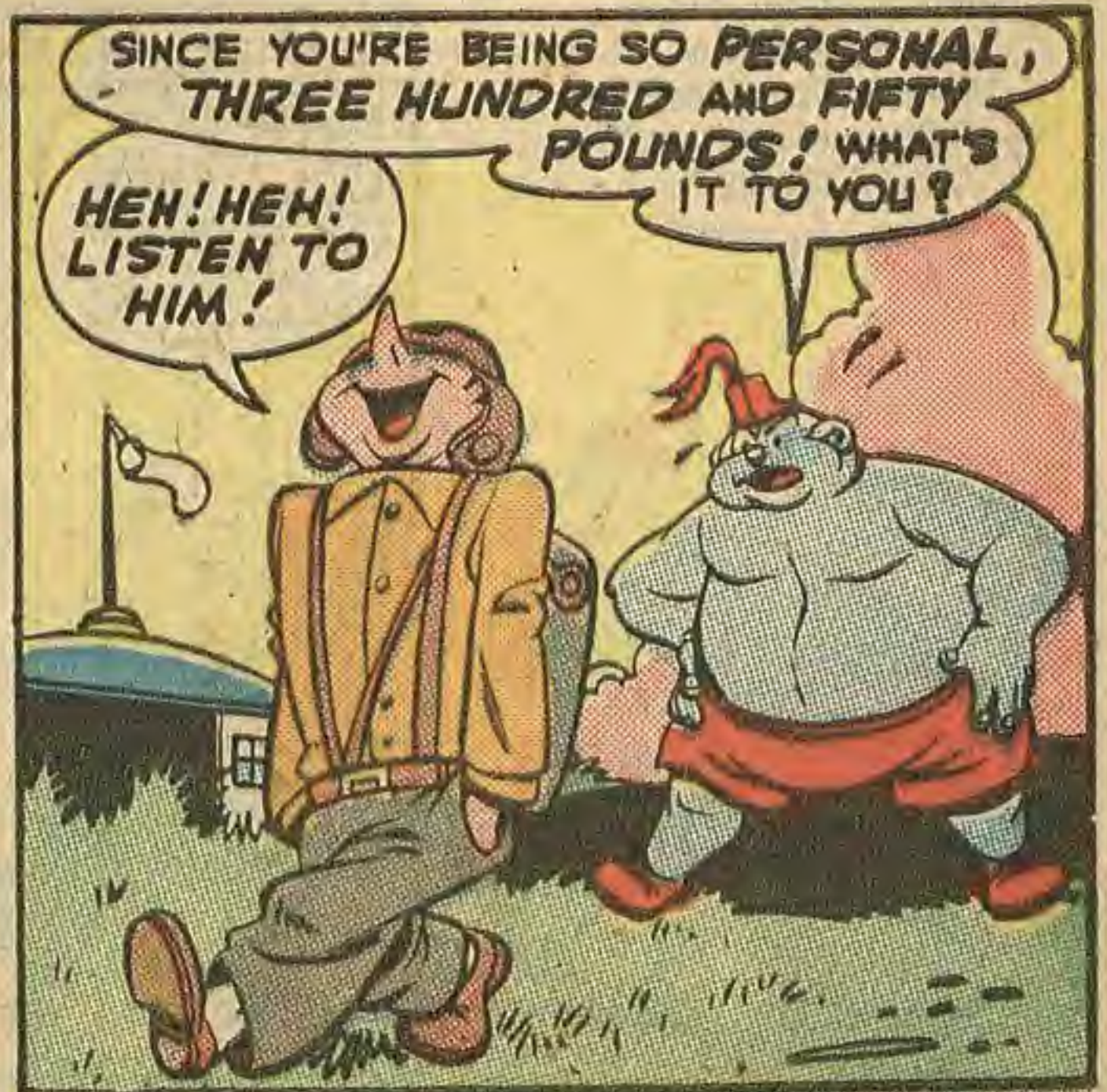
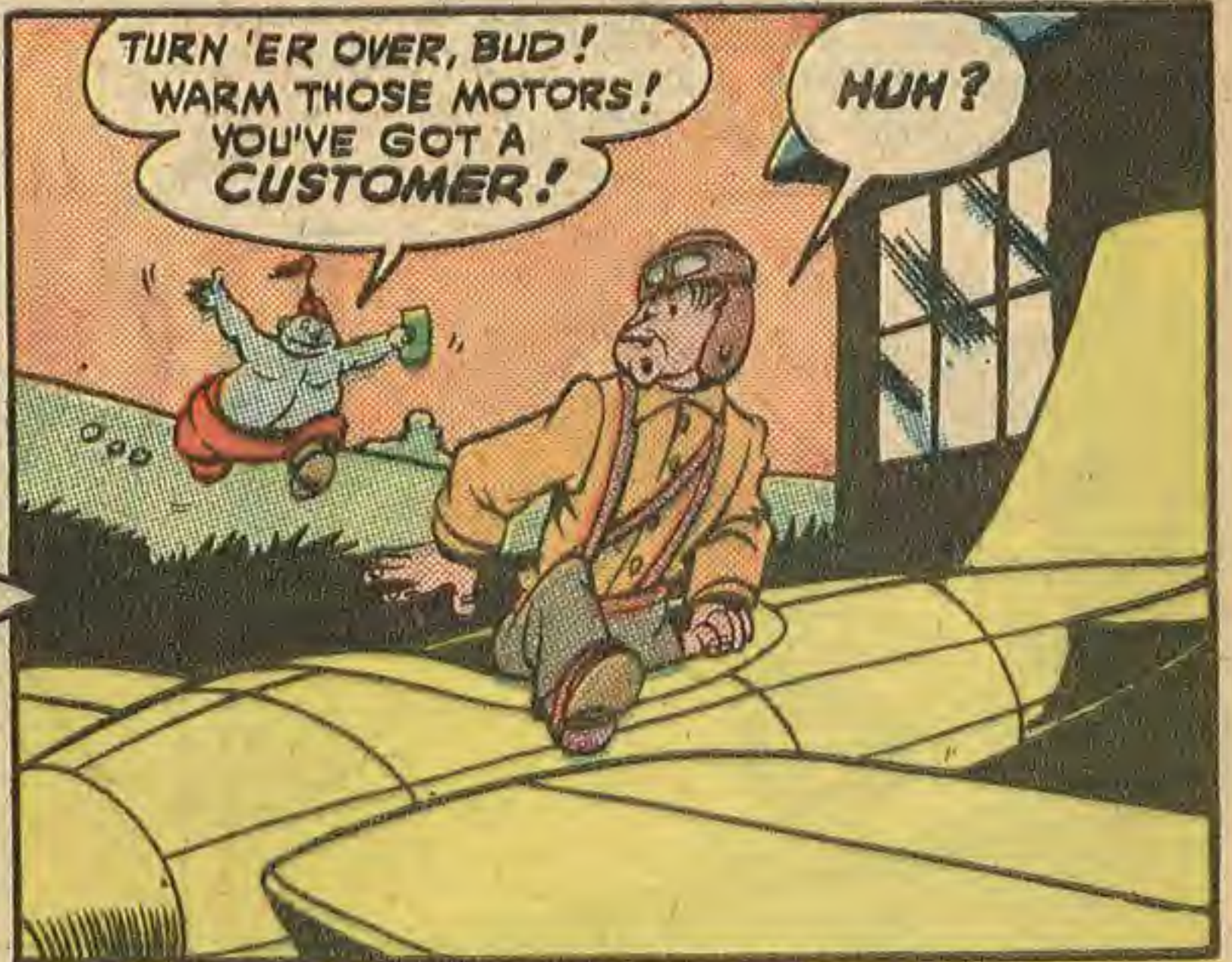
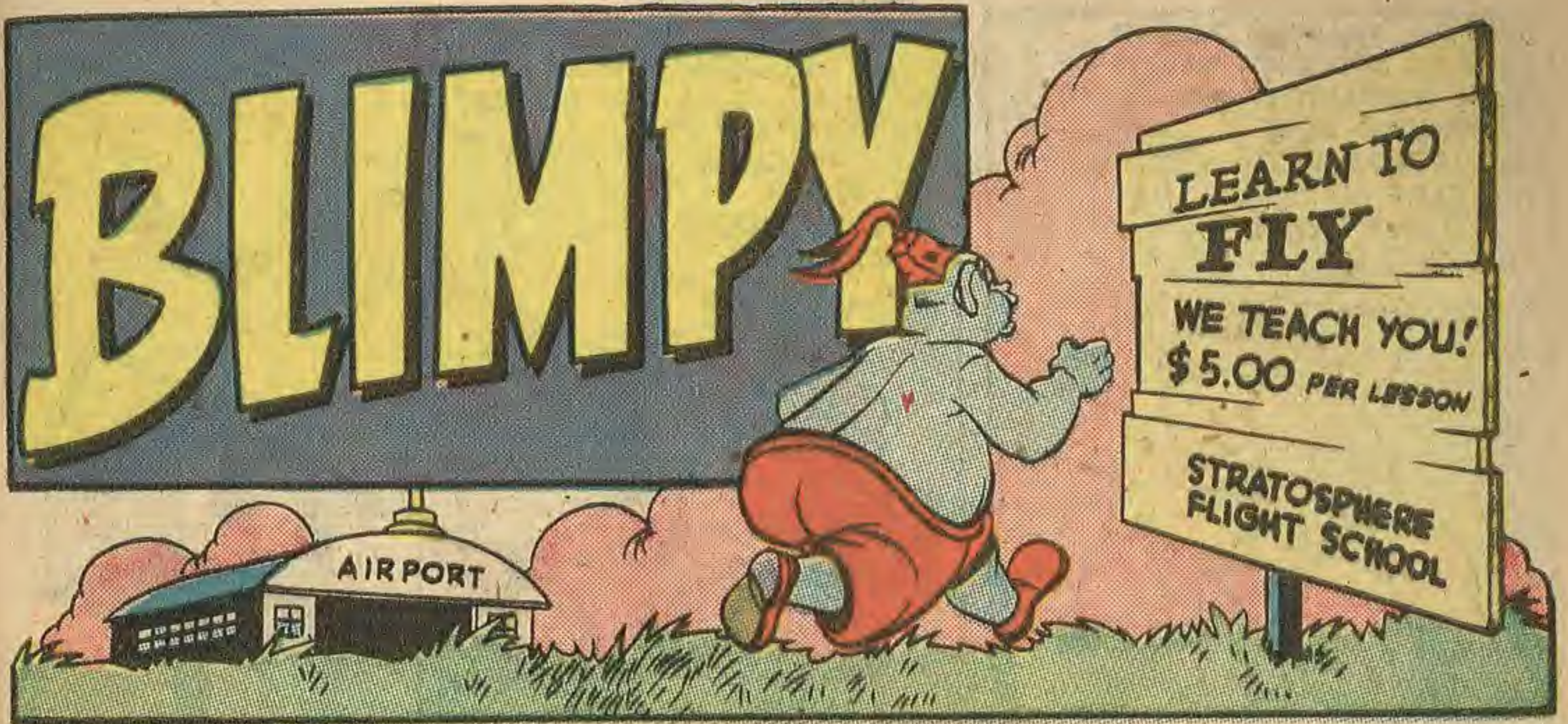
Dr. Roberts awakened every one of his natives after building up the main fire, and pointed out the reclining ant-men. Then he ordered his headman to rip the fake costume off one of the Batsuos.

After this was accomplished, much to the astonishment of the watchful Thongas, Dr. Roberts said, "Now I'll show you the white man's magic, and you'll see that it is stronger than the Batsuos' or even the Thongas' magic."

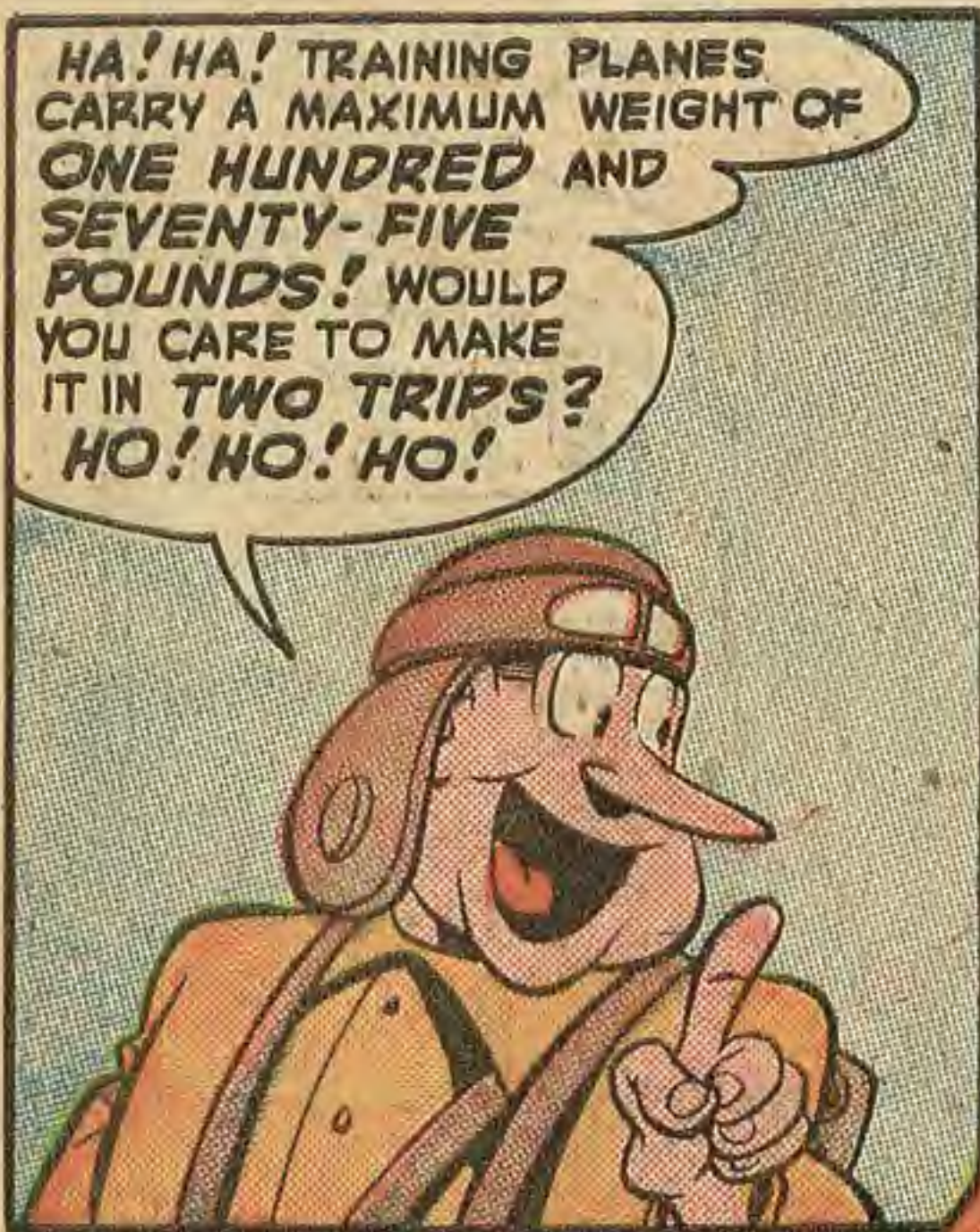
Roberts opened a brief case and lifted out the Doll man, who was not more than a foot tall. "This is a great god," said Roberts, placing the Doll Man on the ground. "Speak, O god!"

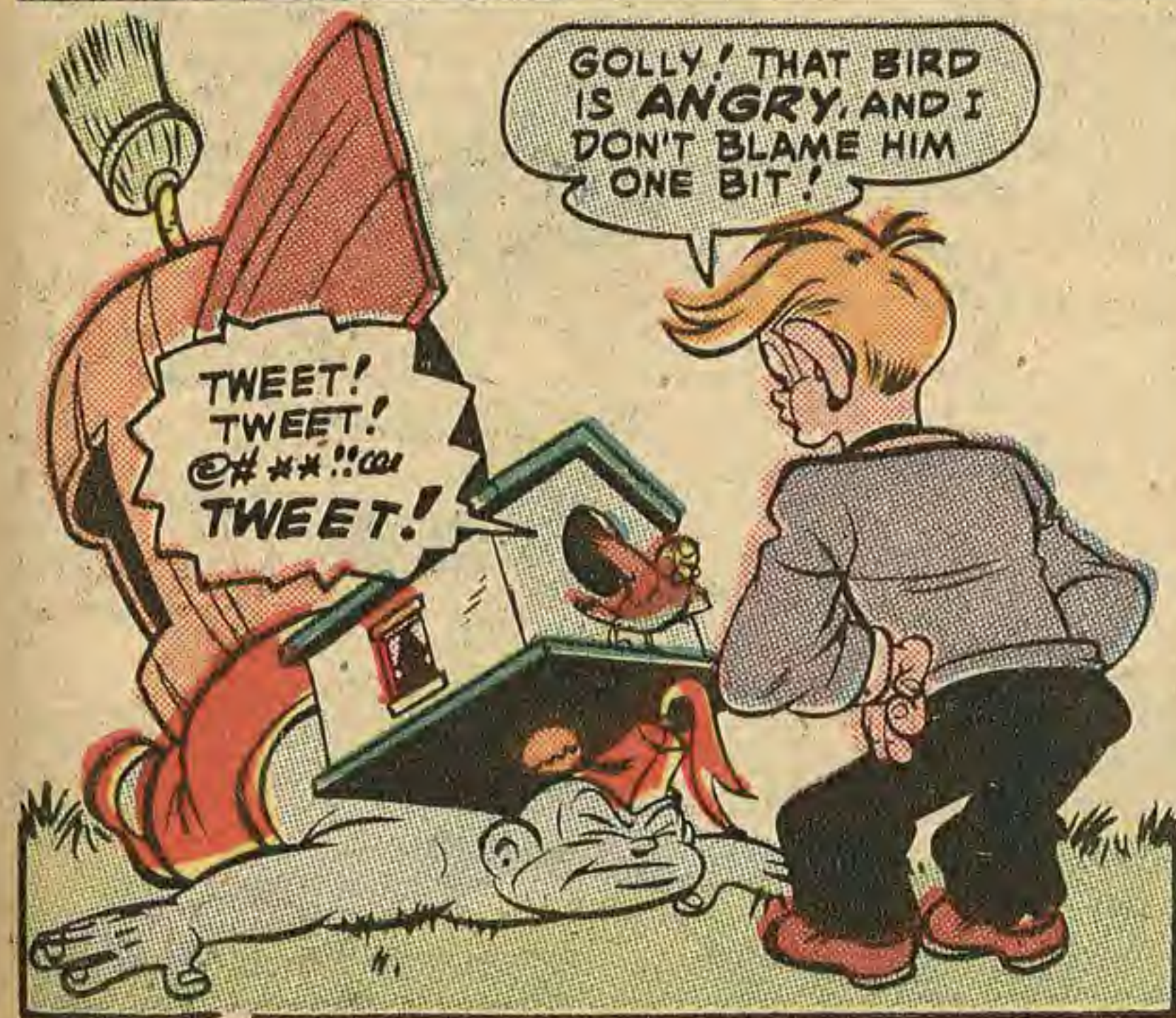
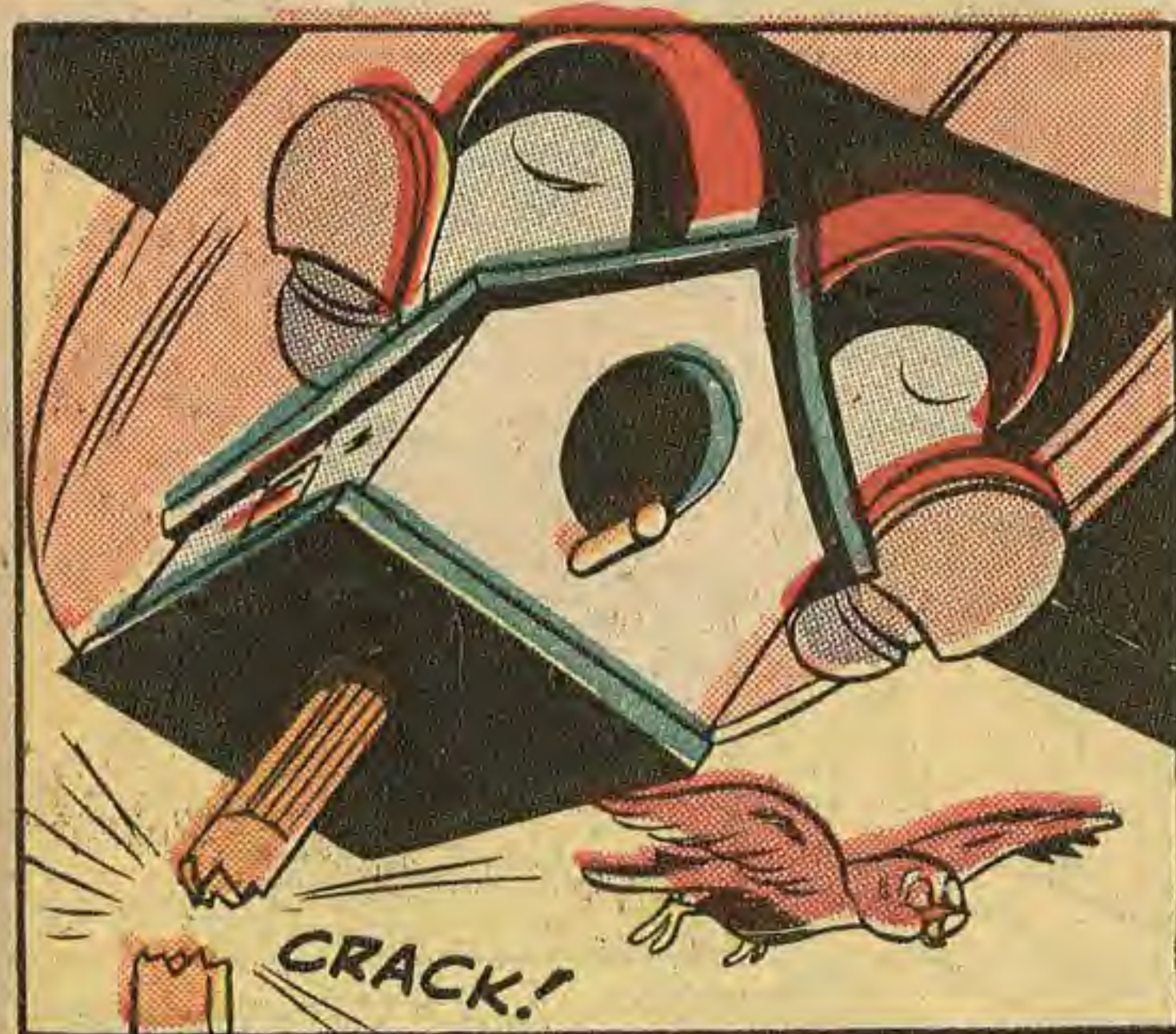
The Doll Man, in a reedy voice, cried, "I am the white man's greatest god! After this, you will follow Dr. Roberts and pay no attention to the Batsuos! Now watch! The Doll Man abruptly became life sized—Darrel Dane. And almost instantly the Thongas, and the Batsuos, who were all awake now, prostrated themselves on the ground, wailing that the white man's magic was best.

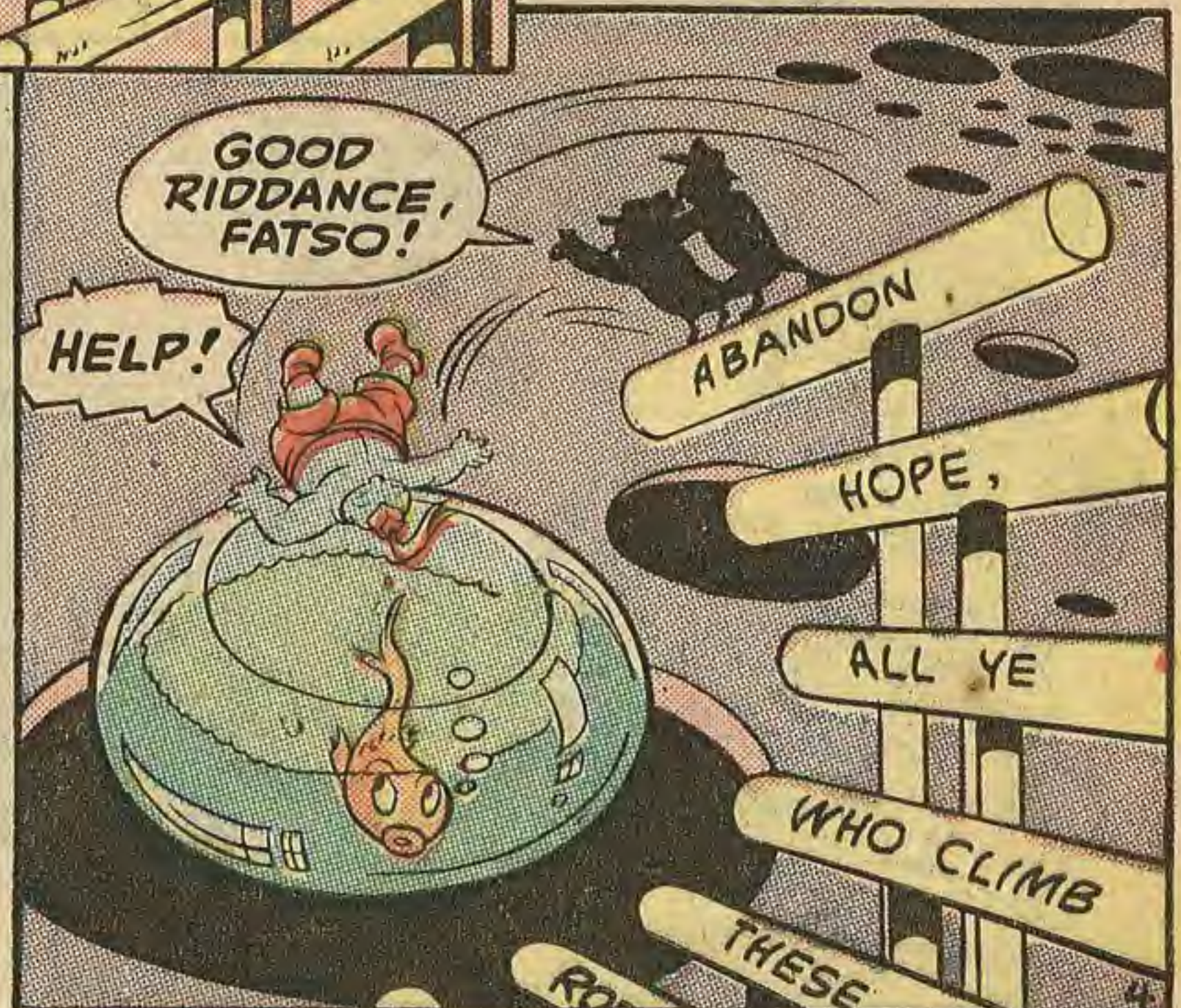
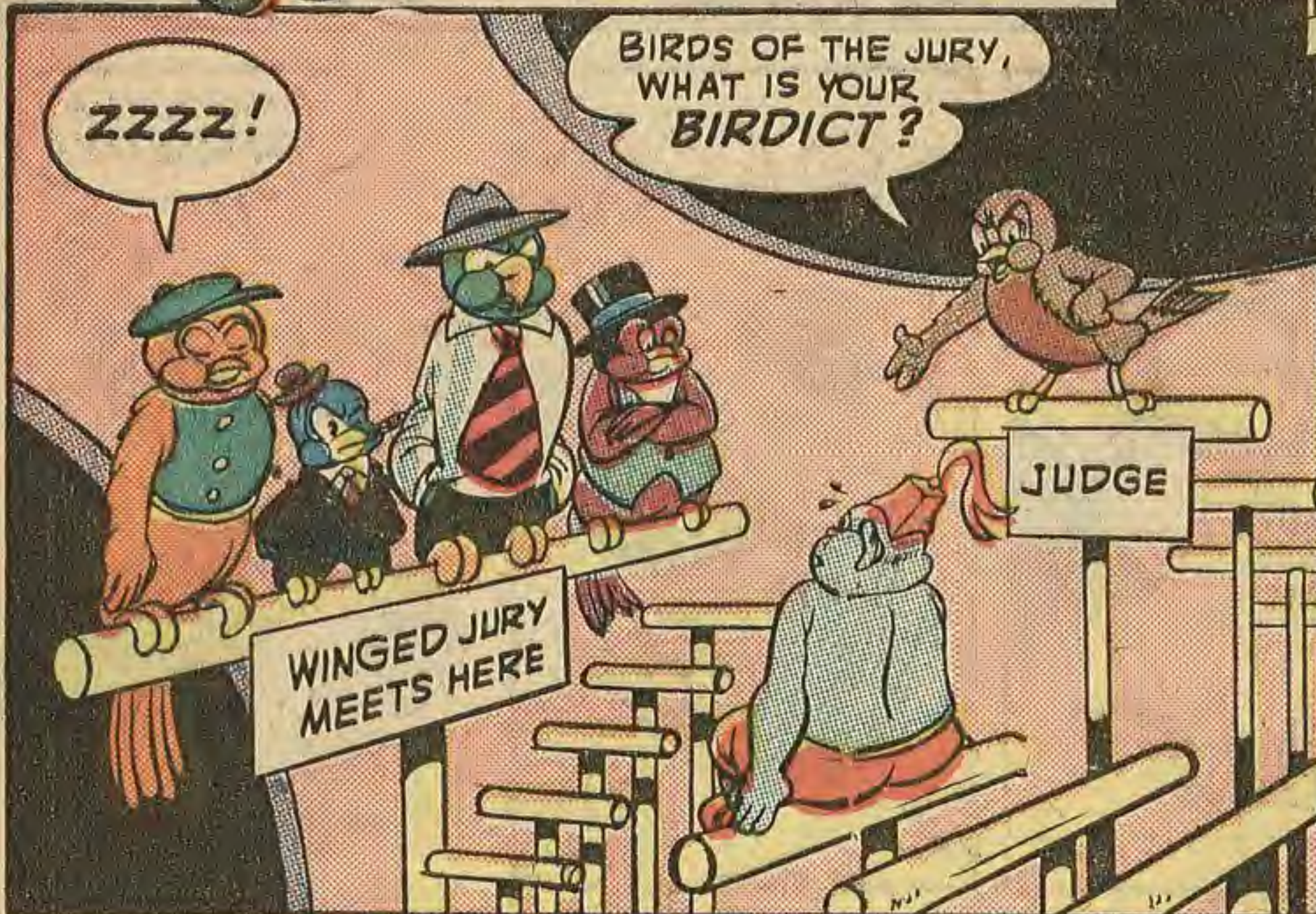


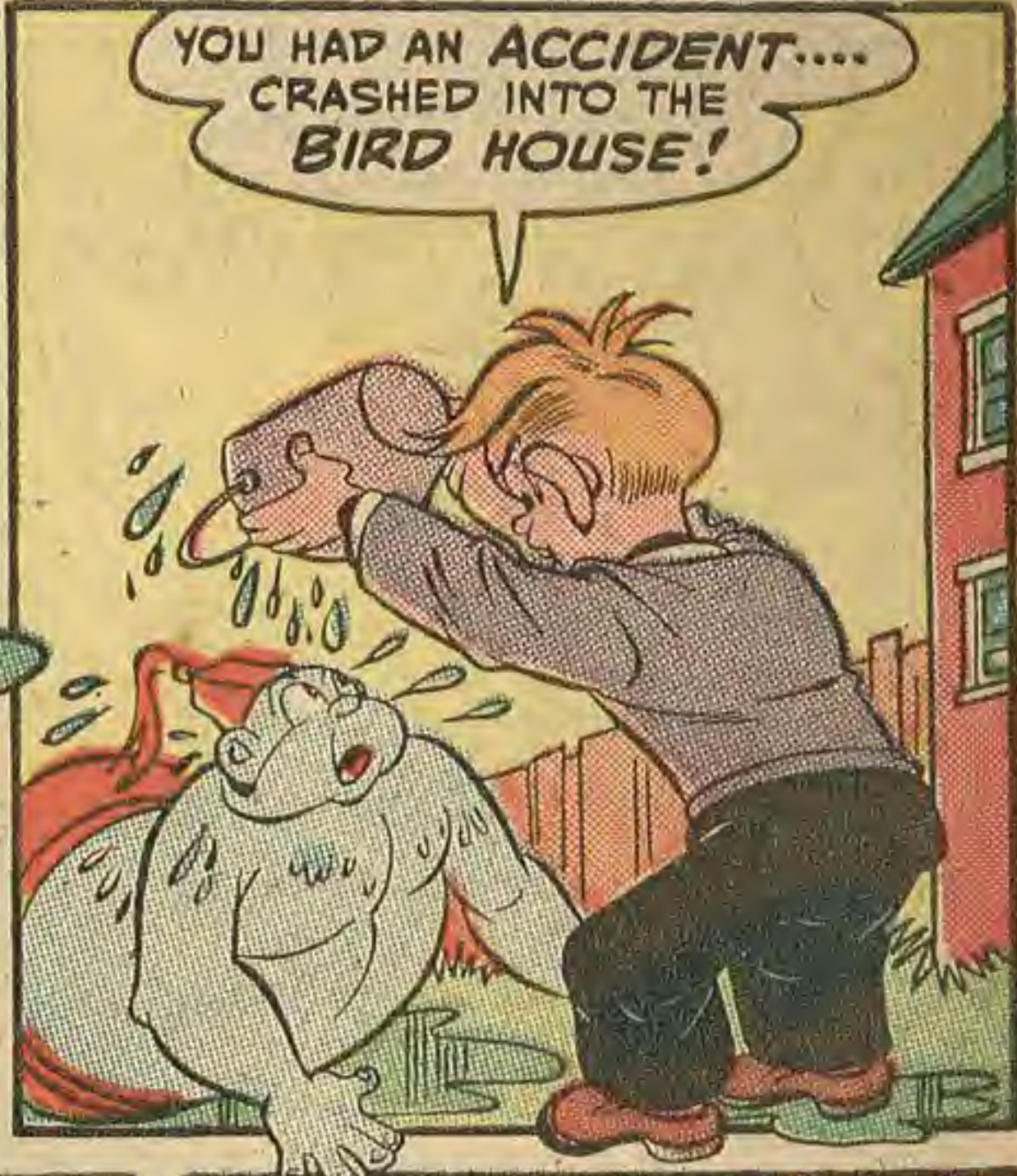


FEATURE COMICS











The Clover Club is closing for alterations...

YOU GET A WEEK OF REST, SWING--BUT YOUR BAND'S SALARY GOES ON JUST THE SAME! I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES ON ANOTHER CLUB HIRING YOU AWAY FROM ME!

IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE AT LIBERTY FOR A FEW DAYS, MR. SISSON---



--MAYBE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL COME TO VISIT MY COUNTRY PLACE--DEVIL ORGAN MANOR! YOU CAN EXERCISE BOTH YOUR TALENTS!

BOTH? MUSIC AND--MYSTERY! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, MR. MOGER!



I BOUGHT THIS PLACE CHEAP LAST MONTH--SO CHEAP I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT A **GHOST** CAME WITH IT! IT'S A GHOST THAT PLAYS **MUSIC** AT MIDNIGHT!

MAYBE IT HAS A COUPLE OF TUNES WE CAN STEAL FOR OUR NEW REVUE AT THE CLOVER CLUB!



MR. MOGER, I WON'T STAY ANOTHER MOMENT--NOT FOR ANY SALARY! ALL EVENING THAT DREADFUL DEVIL MUSIC HAS FILLED THE AIR--AND TONIGHT A FIENDISH VOICE SANG WITH IT!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT SERVANTS, MR. MOGER! BONNIE AND THE BOYS WILL TAKE OVER--HOUSEWORK IS A NOVELTY TO THEM!



Within minutes the Swing Sisson band makes itself at home...

ANYBODY WANT FRIED EGGS? GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT!

THIS PIANO SOUNDS JIVY, TOBY! AFTER WE EAT, LET'S BREAK OUT THE INSTRUMENTS AND JAM THINGS UP FOR A WHILE!



WHAT WILL YOU PLAY, SWING?

WHATEVER COMES OUT, MR. MOGER! IN A JAM SESSION, WE START IN ANYWHERE AND IMPROVISE AS WE GO ALONG! SOMETIMES WE COME UP WITH A HUNK OF HARMONY--SOMETIMES NOT! SIT BACK AND LISTEN!



YOU MEAN THEY PLAY WITHOUT REHEARSAL, MISS BAXTER--NOT EVEN KNOWING WHAT THE PIECE IS GOING TO BE?

ALL THE TIME! AND RIGHT NOW THEY SEEM TO BE PICKING UP A THEME THAT'S GOT CLASS--A LITTLE WEIRD, BUT MAYBE THAT'S THE ATMOSPHERE OF THIS HOUSE!



NICE LITTLE SCARE-SONG YOU'RE FEEDING US, TOBY! WE MIGHT USE IT!

IT'S NOT FROM ME! I PICKED IT UP FROM JUMPY'S SAX!

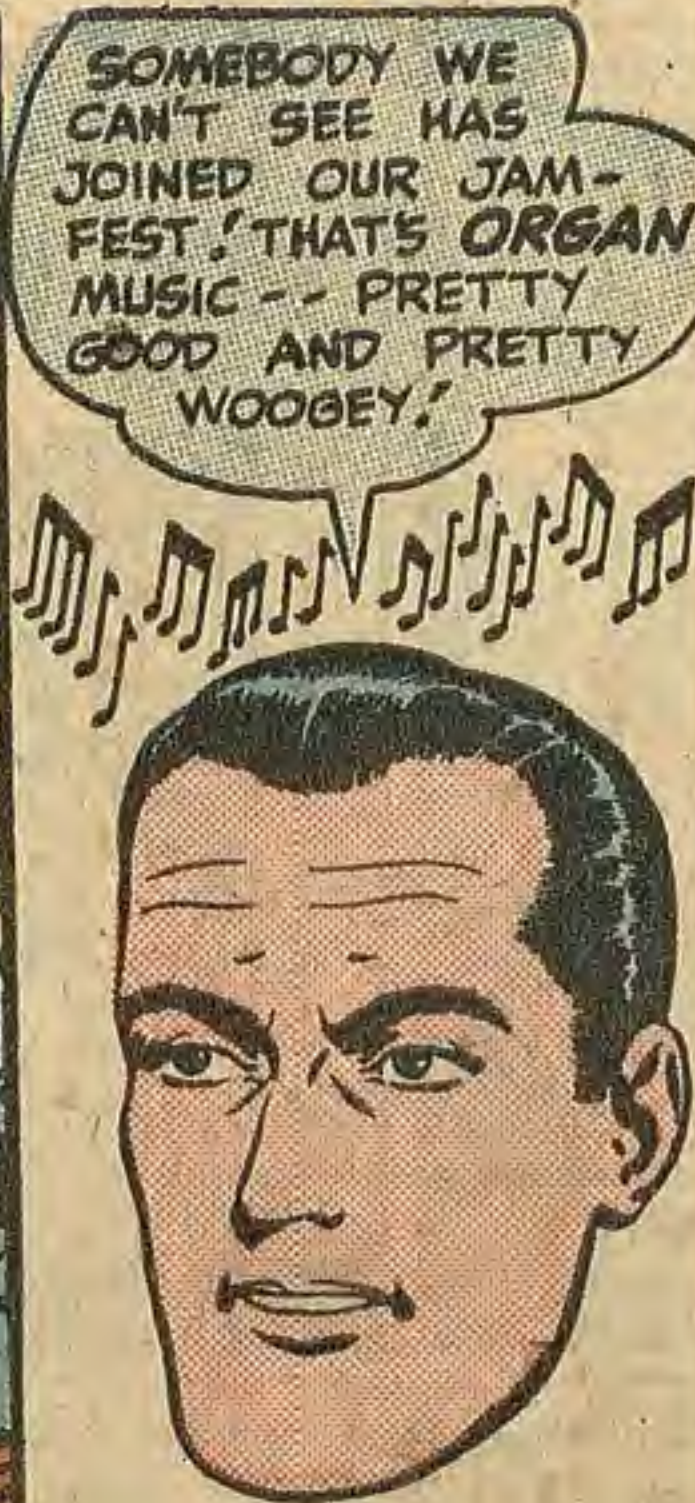


NO, I WASN'T DOING THAT THING FROM SCRATCH! I HEARD IT AND PICKED IT UP!

DON'T LOOK AT ME! DRUMS DON'T COMPOSE ANYTHING LIKE THAT!



FEATURE COMICS







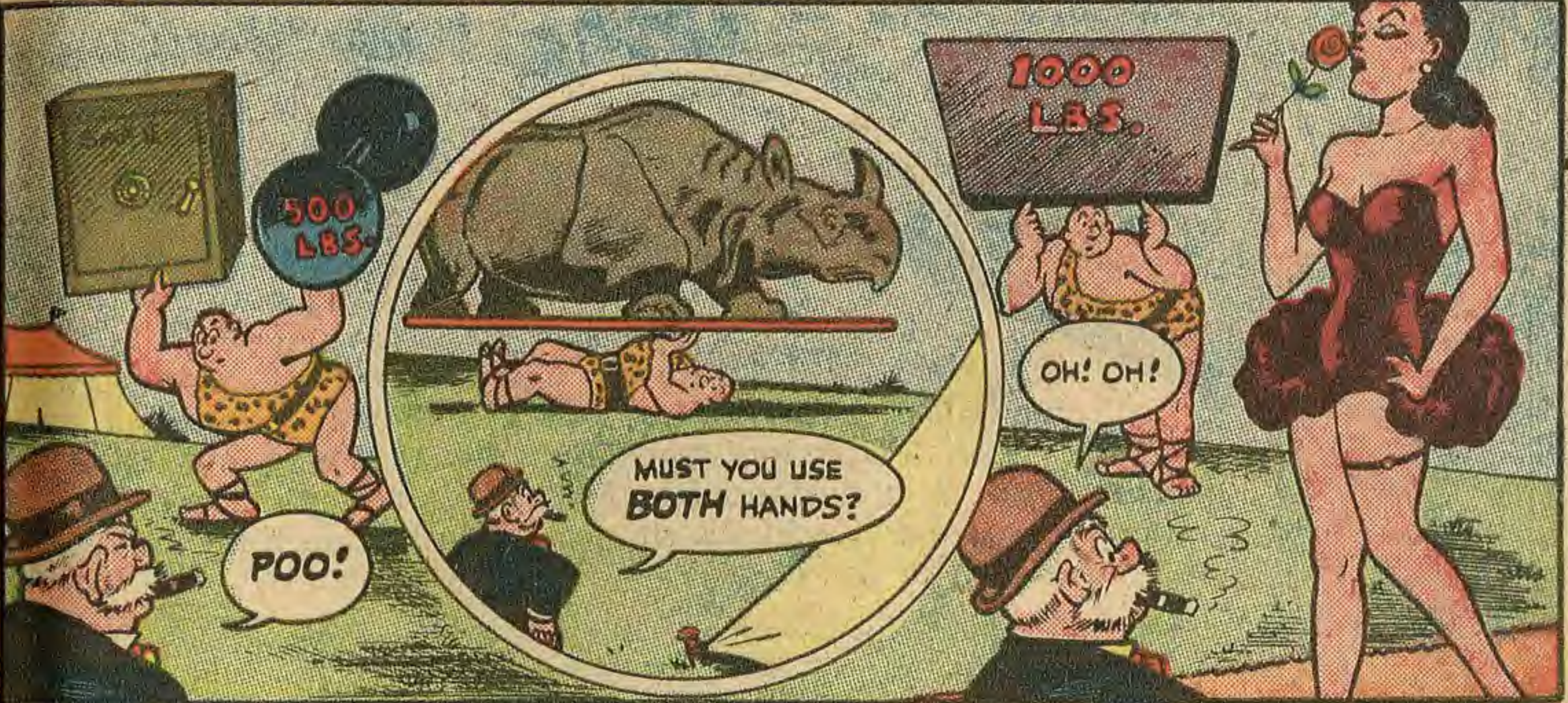
THERE SHE GOES!
I'LL ADMIT SHE'S THE
SWOOSHIEST GOB
OF GLAMOR THIS
CIRCUS EVER
HIRED, BUT---

BIG TOP

STRONG MEN
ARE A NICKEL A
GROSS, BUT LET'S
HAVE THE
HERCULES!

--TROUBLE IS,
EVERY TIME SHE
PASSES BY, SHE PUTS
THE MALE HELP INTO
SUCH A DAFFY DAZE
THEY GO WITCH-WACKY
FOR A WEEK!

BOSS,
THE NEW
STRONG MAN
IS HERE FOR A
TRY-OUT!



BUT, SAY,
DID YOU
SEE WHAT
JUST
PASSED?

THE LADY?
YES, SIR!

AND YOU'RE
STILL
BALANCING THAT
WEIGHT AND CAN
RESIST SUCH
A CREATURE?

YES, SIR...
I'M
ATLASO,
THE
STRONG
MAN!

**YOU AIN'T
KIDDIN'! GET
ME A CONTRACT,
SOMEBODY!**

**Hand Out
Only 20 Photo
Enlargement
Coupons FREE**

*Nothing to Buy
Nothing
to Sell*



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Both the Ring and Wrist Watch are GIVEN for helping us by handing out or mailing only 20 snapshot and photo Enlargement Coupons FREE to friends and relatives. There is **NOTHING FOR YOU TO BUY**. THERE IS **NOTHING FOR YOU TO SELL** and collect for. Your exquisite Birthstone Ring is sent in a special gift box when only half of the coupons have come back to us with a snapshot or negative for enlarging. You can even mail these Enlargement Coupons to friends and relatives in other towns, if you wish. Your valuable Wrist Watch is sent also when all of the coupons are used, so you will be charmed and thrilled with your beautiful gifts. Each coupon is good on our get-acquainted picture enlarging offer that everyone is happy to receive. Send your name and address today for your 20 get-acquainted Enlargement Coupons to hand out FREE. Be first in your neighborhood to wear such a beautiful Birthstone Ring and exquisite Wrist Watch.

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211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



Send your name and address today to
DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-50
211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name.....

Address or R.F.D.....

City.....

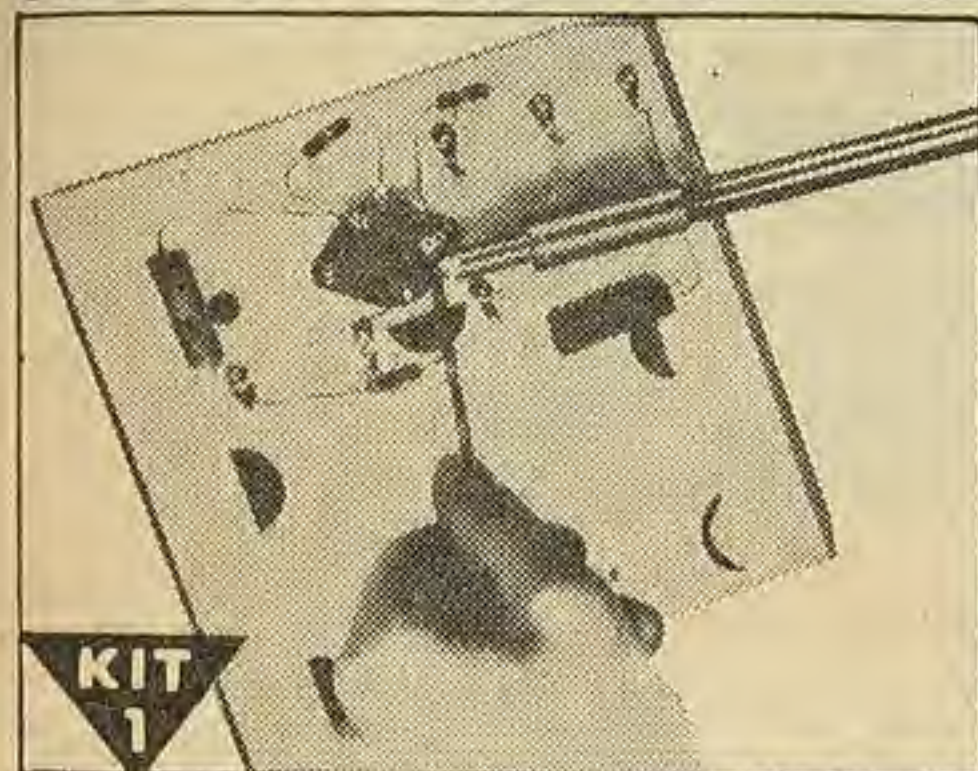
State..... Month
of Birth.....

☐ Lady's Watch ☐ Man's Watch



I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

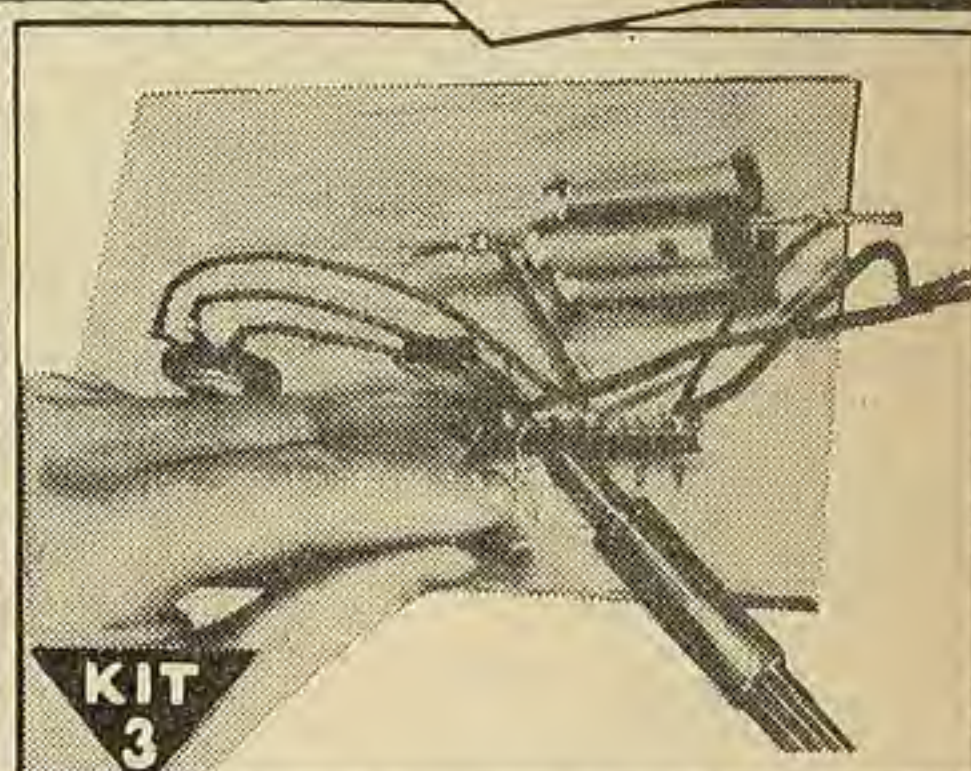
**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



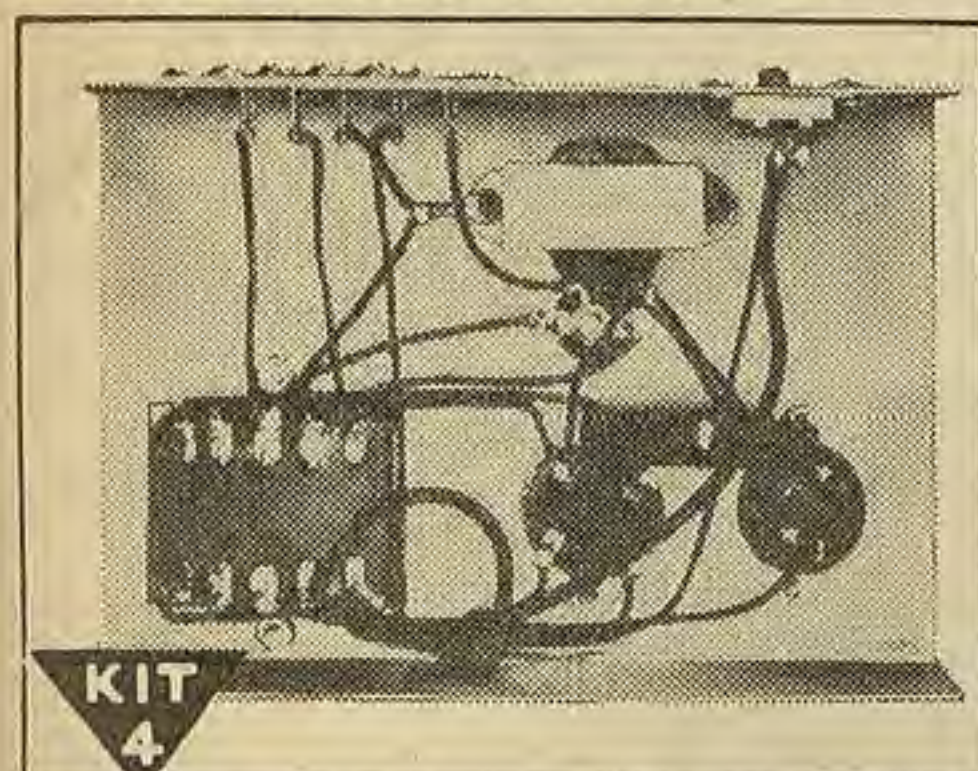
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



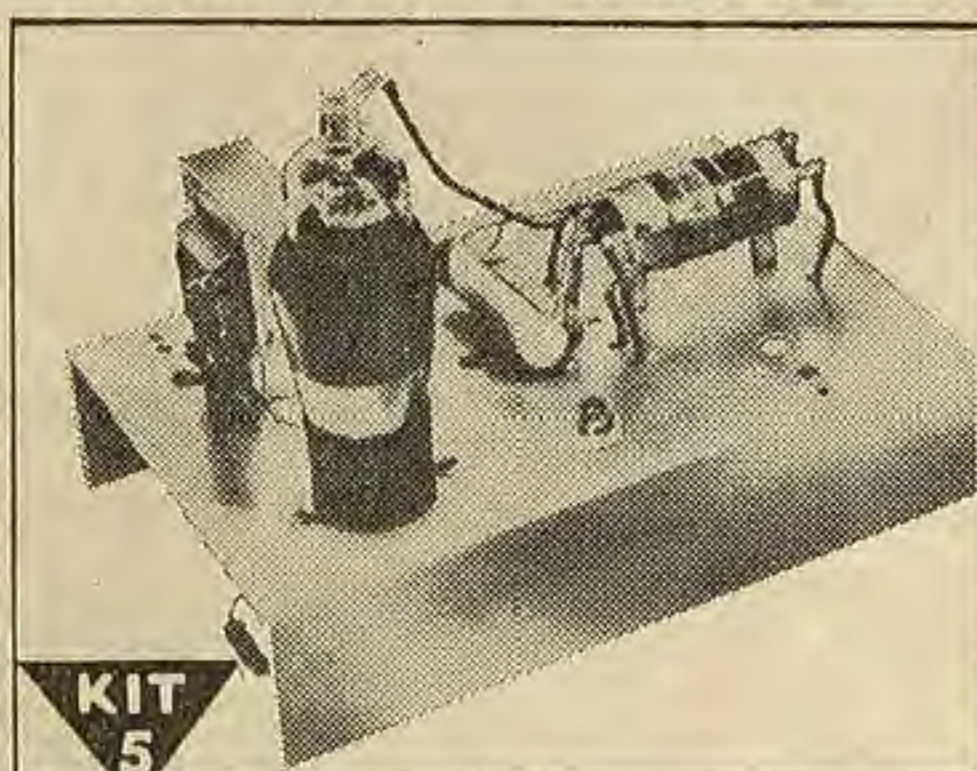
KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N. R. I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



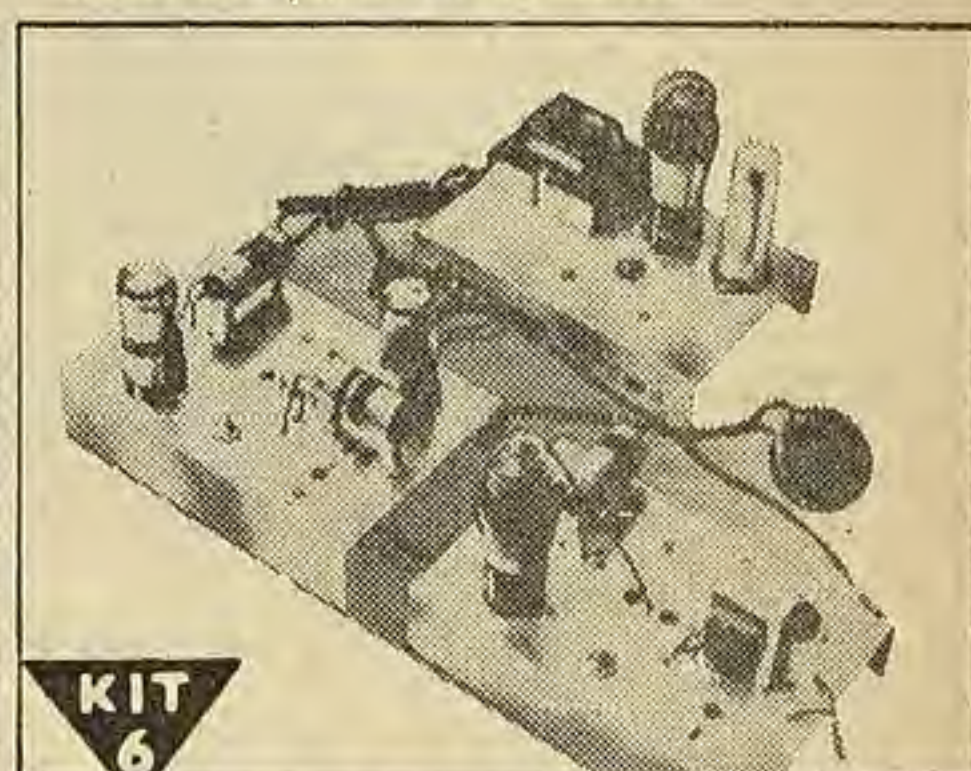
KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

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Rubber Valve type bladder. Lacing needle and lace included.

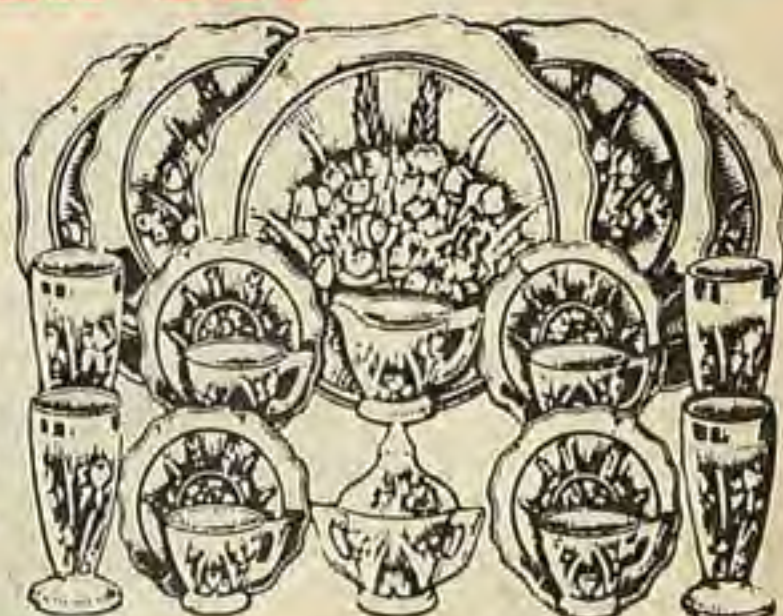
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. . . Nineteen pieces of latest fashion dictated pieces.

Sell only two 40 packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.



Sent Express Collect

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Self filling Fountain Pen, Mechanical Pencil, School Bag, and Webster Dictionary all for selling only 40 pkts. of Seed.

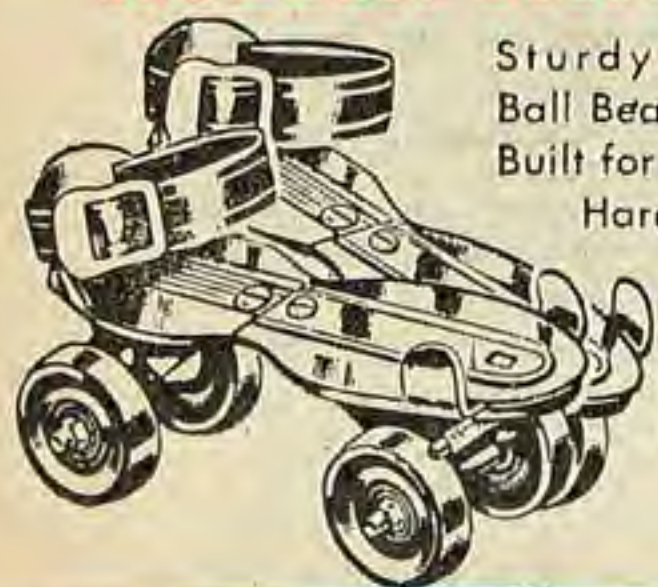


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